LETTERS OF
MARTHA LE BARON GODDARD

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Aberdeen, 1907.

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OF

MARTHA LeBARON GODDARD

SELECTED BY

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WITH RECOLLECTIONS BY

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HOME LETTERS

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1860.

HOME LETTERS.

1860.

THE interests of Worcester have been of late, snow-storms, perilous walking and lectures. Frederick Douglass came first. He was brilliant, but it is simply impossible to report his lecture. His wit is rich and free, his satire keen and effective, his pathos deep but repressed, but he owes his power as a public speaker to his wonderful voice, expressive face and gestures. A scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders, or a flash of the eyes, will sometimes make his words sharp, and a sunny smile illuminating the dark handsome face will open the ears of his hearers to reproof and condemnation of the government, that would be borne only with angry impatience if spoken by the stern Puritan

and peerless orator, Wendell Phillips. He is noble in accepting the responsibility of the whites, and sharing the suffering of the blacks; he is manly, so let us honor him.

I am in doubt whether to put Curtis who has just been here, under the head of music or lectures. His voice and Wendell Phillips' are, I believe, the most wonderful in the world and so unlike! Curtis is always sad, there is pathos even in his fun, but Phillips is full of victory. A violin in the hands of a master, pleads sometimes like Curtis, but only a cornet or a trumpet can reach the exultant purity and sweetness of Phillips' voice. You must have sometimes seen how the nearer clouds drifting across a dark western sky, have been lighted into sweet misty crimson and rose-color by the sunset, that is the color of Curtis' voice; Phillips' is like the deep pure gold of the sunset itself, clear, steady and unfathomable, not lighted, but aglow with its own life.

1860.

What can one talk about to-day but the snow and the weather—to be out in a snow-storm is almost always enjoyment. For the last few days, when the world seen from within doors has been colorless, the sky permanently gray, when all true life seemed to have stopped, when all books were dull except for people who have open fires, then was the time to test a winter's walk. Let us go where no one has been before us, under the white pines and willows, where every step breaks with a crushing sound through the shining crust—The crust over your spirit breaks too, you can feel your blood grow red, you seem to be walking fast into the spring-time, the willow twigs are yellow in their icy sheathes, the elms are dreaming and talking in their sleep of the glory of that nameless color which the sun gives to them, and to them only. But budding color is not all we see; the wind is the most wonderful draughtsman and everywhere have

his fingers been busy, in the long sweeping curves of the snow-drifts, and in the most exquisite and varied adornment of every spot where a snow flake could rest; even the monotony of garden fences is destroyed, by the fancies of the wind, till there is hardly an inch of the snow bank on top of them, which has not some special beauty of form and color; every part is a study for an architect, roofing and tiling, fluting and cornice, perfect models for gables and domes.

1860.

I have long wanted to make a speech about Worcester Fairs. Now seems to be the time, for if I had written weekly letters the last month they would all have been about Fairs of all sizes and kinds, for different purposes, but alike in their result, viz., "making money," as it is called, of giving much pleasure and a great deal of fatigue

to the fair workers. The talk about "gouging," "exorbitant prices," and "of course one pays at a Fair twice as much as a thing is worth," has been kept up so long that many people really believe it, while the truth that much of the wrong and injustice of fairs lies in undervaluing work. For instance—a lady buys material, or uses what she has, which costs fifty cents; she spends two or three days in delicate, skilful work, and then sells the result of her taste and labor for seventy-five cents, perhaps a dollar.

With more costly things the matter is still worse, and three dollars' worth of material, put together with marvellous skill and patience, and I know not how many hours of labor, will sell for $2.50. All this seems wrong. We need to have Ruskin lecture us on the value of hand and head work. It is not strange that ladies who consider their own exquisite work of no account should be so unwilling to pay justly for what they hire, or that fifty cents

for a day's sewing should seem extravagant to one who will work two days to earn ten cents for a fair. Of course, people have a right to give away their work, but then it should be understood that the work is given away, and purchasers should not delude themselves with the idea they have in any way paid for what they have got. At a Fair here, a few days ago, I was asked, "Is this a great charity"? and answered, "No, it is a great piece of justice"; the reply, "That is better, if justice were done charity would be needless." 'T was a golden sentence, and should be printed in large letters over the entrance to almost every fair.

If politics were not so funny just now I would not speak of them; but that Buchanan, after playing "loose" for four years should now finish his game by playing "fast" for one day, is a rare bit of comedy. The clergymen here are to have a union meeting (perhaps it would be more respectful to them to say a combined

meeting) on the day appointed for national humiliation, but I have no idea what they intend to do.

It is the fashion to tell secession news, so I will confide to you, from a private letter, that Nantucket is about to secede from "rabid Massachusetts, and set up a monarchy on her own hook." She is secure from attacks by land, and a Colt's revolver, set in the middle of the Island, will probably protect her shores.

Mrs. Macready has been reading here, and her dressing is so beautiful that to see it is worth the price of a ticket. The satisfaction she gives me lies in her rendering of silk and lace and her beautiful hair. For lecturers we have what everybody else has, also a charming concert, given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. With that to remember, three more to hope for, the January *Atlantic* and the Southern news to read, not to speak of six promised entertainments for 35 cts., are we not provided for until the 4th of March? Why

look forward farther? "After that, the Deluge."

1860.

June has gone, and the newspapers have told about the Worcester interests and entertainments; the Sunday School picnics, which were considered great successes; the growing popularity of Lake Quinsigamond, and the members and skill of the boat clubs. But they have not told about our water-lilies. The little pond where they crowd and blossom is nameless to most people, but it is a part of Lake Quinsigamond. It has a right to the name Chamaranan, with a story attached to it. It is a perfect time for lilies when the grape-vines are in blossom—so much beauty and fragrance together. Our last party consisted of six, that is the best number for enjoyment. We started very early in the morning, before the lilies had

opened or the haycocks had waked up and taken off their night-caps; and every minute of the early ride was a pleasure.

A few field lilies were flaming by the roadside, and if Solomon had ever wanted to rival them he must have wrapped himself in his reddest mantle and have laid down in the very green grass, after the manner of Jesse at the tomb in somebody's interesting and strange old picture of the genealogy of Jesus. The tangle of blossoms and vines told of midsummer, but the pink spires of hardhack were disagreeably suggestive of the coming autumn, and a little like a skeleton at a feast. But our feast had no skeleton. Such a breakfast on the rocks! There was nothing poetical in the bread, the meat, or the coffee and the appetites, yet they were all satisfactory in the highest degree, and some of the company did have the grace to adorn the table with oak leaves and wild roses. After the breakfast came the crown of summer pleasures—the delicate,

slow paddling among the lilies. To be sure, the boats are wet and dirty, and nobody who expects to keep dry and stiff should ever go out in them; but we didn't, and were dressed in unpretty but very convenient costumes. The clumsy little boats are pushed among the lily pads with a slight crushing sound, sweeter than even the ripple of the water against sharp bows; and the great green leaves, which look like a solid floor before us, turn lazily over, so that we leave behind us a path of dark, glossy red.

We could, literally, have filled our boat with lilies—great, queenly flowers—perfect in beauty, opening their whole hearts to the sunshine; half-closed blossoms, resting one cheek on a broad leaf and vainly trying to hold back their fragrance and hide their golden treasure; little, hard buds, standing up straight and defiant, as if they never meant to open to anything, but dared you to come and pick them, and then, when you accept the chal-

lenge, suddenly hiding and leaving you with empty hands, but arms wet to the shoulder. Here and there are flowers whose outer leaves are almost crimson; these are hailed with shouts of delight, and treasured as if others like them would never bloom.

You know how beautiful they are after we have brought them home; I can not tell you how beautiful they are before. You must go and see for yourself.

1860.

Some time ago an advertisement, headed "Reading without Tears," attracted my attention and excited my hope. So many novels are so full of melancholy, intense pathos and dreadful experiences, even when the hero and heroine come out right in the end, they had travelled such a weary way, walked through so much darkness and briars, their frolicsomeness

thoroughly disciplined out of them, that one can not help wondering whether a happier life, with the risk of being a little spoiled by it, were not preferable to so painful a journey—to so complete colorless an ending. At last, I thought, a cheerful novel has been written. But I was disappointed. "Reading without Tears" was a primer, and the novel I wanted was still unwritten. But, yesterday, my desire was satisfied. "Semi-Detached House" is sunny from the first page to the last, and is a charming book. It has no preface and no pretences. It is not theological, philosophical, or sentimental. There are no murders or mysteries in it, no strange men nor prim, white-gowned and hard-souled girls, and, ten thousand thanks to the author, no travels in Switzerland or Italy, and no talk about art. It is a story of good, kind men and women, who are natural, with funny, little peculiarities and attractive faults, who have no desire to be inhumanly good. It is full of gay, good-

natured, spirited family talk, of sweet thoughtfulness for others, and of perfect friendliness. The story is told well. The satire is playful, not sharp; and the pictures are of happy, sunny lives, of people who had a good time in the world, who loved God and their neighbors, and who opened every door and window of their hearts to air and sunlight.

1860.

I should like to send you some pretty or spirited bits of Worcester life, but I know of none just now that are tellable. I think a description of the place you are in would seem to most people like a fairy tale. The little green island, without dust, without roads, without carriages and horses, without a bowling alley or billiard table, unreached by cars or steamboat, or any other public conveyance; peaceful and beautiful, with its unbroken fields of grass,

its group of strange old cedars; rich in historical associations and the inclosing beauty, with the ceaseless but ever-varying sound of the sea. More like a fairy tale still, the true account of the hospitable island prince, rich in all good things excepting money, and of the guests he gathers round him, men and women of rare culture, even according to Mr. Emerson's broad definition, who knew the literature of almost all lands and yet have not lost one bit of their simple heartedness and enthusiasm. How we might string on the thread of our story, like amber beads or a rosary of sea shells, days of absolute indolence, with books and sunshine, and nights filled with music, moonlight and sentiment, and with listening to the incomprehensible ocean. Great waves are exciting, but the deep, steady tone of the calm sea is like the beating of a great, passionate heart that cannot make its life rich and grand, but that waits under the happy sunshine or the tender moonlight, in apparant calm-

ness, for the time when it, too, can be free, to fling its spray into the air with exultation and unconscious power. But we have had something in Worcester that you will care for. On Wednesday, we heard Charles Sumner, and I wish I could make you know how good it was. His reception at the Republican Convention was enthusiastic and touching; it seemed as if men never would be satisfied with telling him how they admired him. But better than all the cheering were the tears of enthusiasm that were dashed away, in vain attempts to hide them, by men of whose love even Sumner might be proud. He spoke a long while. You can read the speech: but you cannot read, I wish I could tell you, how well he looks, how strong and brave; how his magnificent figure and carriage satisfies one's eyes; and how the deep thoughtfulness, that is almost sadness, in his face is not lightened even by his attempts at fun. I don't believe he knows how to play; he has not

the gift of tossing his words about lightly and making them catch all the colors of the rainbow and dance in the light of happy fancy. He is too grand for that, and I am sure the want of it is no loss to him. Crowd the two fine words, manly and kingly, to their uttermost, with all that you know of calmness and strength, and they will tell you how Sumner appeared to us. A political convention, even of Republicans, is not usually considered a good place to study elegance of manner, yet this last convention showed them both. The elegance and grace of one of the presiding officers was worth waiting hours in a crowd to see; and the manner with which a gentleman withdrew some motion that had been objected to in a mean and disagreeable way by somebody who seemed to misunderstand purposely, made me remember Whittier's lines about Dr. Howe:—

> "Said I not well that Bayards
> And Sidneys still are here."

We had a fire here the other night. I could not see the blaze, but the whole valley was heavy with mist, which the light changed into a flame-colored heaving sea; the hills were wrapped in smoke, neither houses or trees could be seen. The night was still and clear, and just above the fiery mist, in the clear blue, Orion lay shining calmly and steadily. Orion is to me the only human constellation. I always see him, as I learned to know him in an atlas, years ago, lying along the southern sky in calm repose, with his right arm ready, if need were, for work or fighting. After awhile the mist of our fire disappeared, churches and houses shone out white and plain, with illuminated windows; the trees were clear against the sky, the light all faded, the soft night had its own way again, and the echo of footsteps on the street died slowly away.

My letter may seem to you to die as slowly; but it is surely dead now.

1860.

It is more than a month since I have written to you; but there is no longer entertainment in politics, no "wide-awake" processions and no speeches, poor or good. I wonder much about all this betting and lying and wilful, ungenerous misrepresentation that filled the lives of comparatively good men for weeks before election day. Do you suppose they only wear such things on the outside for a little while and then lay them entirely aside when the political need, as they think it, has gone by? Do you suppose they have found out some process by which they can touch pitch and not be defiled? It is easier to believe even that than that many of the best men we know are as false and as unmanly as their political actions and speeches would imply.

I heard, by chance, a bit of conversation the other day. Two young ladies were criticising the new house of a literary friend. One said, "It is not a work of

art; there is no idea in it." The other laughed, and said, "What do you know about works of art? You can't appreciate them." The reply, "I know this much, that nothing is a work of art that has not an idea embodied in it." Is n't that a definition to be remembered?

I heard this story the other day. When Nathaniel Green left his home to join the army of the Revolution, his mother, who was a Rhode Island Quakeress, said to him, "Nathaniel, don't thee ever get shot in the back." Is n't that ever so much better than the historical and rather stately, "Return with your shield, or on it."

1860.

The Worcester Theatre, whose opening is as rare as that of the Night-Blooming Cereus, is now in its second week of blossoming. But one does not want to talk of evening entertainments when the days are

so beautiful. March seems to have forgotten for awhile its old habits of wind and cold, and has given us an ideal spring day. It is delicious to sit by an open window with a glass of golden jasmines near, making the air sweet with their lilac-like perfume; to sit still and do nothing but feel the promise of summer. The sky is of that intense blue that Ruskin says is not color, but fire, and the bluebirds are like little bits of it made alive; grasshoppers have come, and snowdrops and hepaticas; and, occasionally, a black or tan-colored caterpillar goes along indolently in the sunshine. Even the old stone walls look softened; they have a sort of tenderness about them, as if they were glad in the fresh life of the moss that grows in their crevices, and the soft-colored prettiness of their neighbors, the willow catkins. We shall have no more of the glittering whiteness or the strange blue shadows of the winter; but we are going to have what is a great deal better,

the contenting depth and richness of color that comes with the spring, grows into human and almost oppressive mystery in the summer, and dies in the burning gold and crimson of autumn.

It is impossible to talk extravagantly about color; we all live in it, and should be miserable, forlorn wretches if we lost for a single day its ever-changing beauty. Eyes and heart breathe in color as the lungs do the air, unconsciously and constantly; and even in city streets they find enough to feed on. The other day, I looked for a long while at the tall, bare, worn-looking sycamore trees, opposite the City Hall; if the day had been grey and sunless the trees would have been depressing to look at, but the blue sky and the warm light gave a sort of beauty to the scarred branches, and made waiting for the foliage seem not quite hopeless; then I turned my head and looked up into the rich brown of an elm. It was like a sudden change from mid-winter to June;

like leaving a cold-natured, dried-up fossil of a man, without either glow or life in his existence, for a royal heart of a rich life. I cannot tell what color is like. That is one of the inexpressible things which Whitman wrestles with in his strange poem in the *Atlantic*, "O, I think I have not understood anything, not a single object, and that no man ever can." Perhaps the great white pines and the hemlocks, with the matchless beauty of their delicate twigs, and with shadows in their hearts, know the meaning of color; for, when the maples and the chestnuts have quite forgotten their fire and their heaped-up gold, the memory of the summer still lingers in the depths of the pine, and glows and flickers there mysteriously like the flame in the heart of the opal. The early spring brings other things; for instance, remarkable little pedlars. There is one boy, perhaps he is a merchant catkin, who finds his way into dining rooms and parlors, so young that the letter

C is still an insurmountable obstacle to him, yet he offers you "Tandy and Top-Torn" with a very sweet smile and the self-possession of an experienced trader; of course, everybody buys, but it is half funny and half sad to see the baby trying to make money. Perhaps he will earn his first jacket; perhaps he will not be spoiled in the training. I am glad there is a world of comfort as well as of doubt, in perhaps.

1860.

Well, what did we do on Fast Day? We did not go to meeting, but took a long ramble. We, means myself and the very pleasantest companion, provided with a basket of luncheon and Mrs. Browning's new volume of poems. We stopped first to give a message to a little black woman I had before seen on the street, who looked very poor and very happy. I wish you

could see the glory of color in her room. The floor was clean; there were a few wooden chairs, a white table and a stove; that was all the furniture,—but you only looked at the flowers. The blazing scarlet of geraniums, the royal purple of the cineraria, the little golden bells of the mahemia, all trembling in the light; half-opened rosebuds, heliotropes, whose fragrance filled you with dreamy delight, and, almost hidden behind the large plants, delicate primroses. These were the poor woman's treasures; on these she spent much of her earnings. If you had met her on the street you might have given her food or clothing; in her own room you would hardly have dared to offer her only the rare beauty of gorgeous flowers. Do you remember what Douglass Jerrold says in his "Tragedy of the Till" of the comfort the flowers gave to the poor and suffering, and how Isaac's unhappiness began when he left off buying primroses to save his money.

Leaving the flowers and their little queen, wondering how she can make her ivies grow so luxuriantly over her walls, we went on our way to the covered bridge over the Norwich Railroad. You grow dizzy there for a few moments, for the light from the ripples of water below is reflected on the walk, and the continual waving motion makes you feel as if you were in a hammock; but no matter about that; we shall hear what we came to hear, the music of the telegraph wires. Nowhere in the town is it so sweet, deep and varied. We had no poetical fancies about love messages sung by the wind, for we knew that the real meanings were probably about stocks and politics, and we wanted to hear the wind sing of nothing but freedom. One does need imagination to hear that, you know. A little farther on we began to look for flowers. Our bunches of trailing arbutus grew very slowly, but we found more hepaticas than we could gather, and one little stranger,

miles away from its home. A dainty little flower, veined with the tender pink you see in a deep-colored anemone or in an oxalis. Its cup seemed full of pink pollen, and on the same stem a cluster of long-pointed, lovely buds. Perhaps you prefer a botanical description, a proper name, for which you must look in the botany. The flower is *Claytonia Latifolia*, in honor of Dr. John Clayton; leaves ovate lanceolate, leaves of the calyx obtuse, etc. We ate our luncheon in a pretty, sunny place, near Patch's woods, then went over the hill to the Cascade. Sauntering along we found the first white bloodroot—only one could be seen; they were all wrapped tightly in their green cloaks, reminding us of the game we used to play when we were children, "There were seven Spaniards straight from Spain." We did not read a word of Mrs. Browning, but were glad to have the book with us, as you like to know a friend is in town though you do not see her. In the afternoon we cleared

up writing-desks and treasure-boxes, and were ashamed to find how many remembrances recalled nothing. There were faded lilacs and rose leaves and a great bunch of dead apple blossoms that neither of us remembered, so we threw them away and laughed at our old selves; one we did not destroy,—a little hard ball, that had once been a wild rosebud, picked fourteen years ago, and kept because it recalled the most beautiful girl I have ever known, as she stood upon a grassy knoll with her sunny hair blown away from her face, her eyes full of light and her parted lips showing how refined and beautiful a large mouth could be. We looked over letters and birthday verses, laughed and cried and felt rather old, then talked of other things.

1860.

I have neither concerts or lectures to write you about and have read nothing

but the "Marble Faun," which I dislike; it is damp and uncanny. One might fill a column about its mysteries and its possibilities, but it seems not worth while. So, instead of a talk we will have a long walk and make calls upon some nice people; but you must take off your beautiful, rustling gown and put on a plain one, for my friends are poor, and it seems to me quite as improper for us to make a parade of our worldly riches before them as it would be to them to boast to us of their spiritual riches. No matter if there are clouds in the sky, there will be sunshine enough in the house of the washerwoman upon whom we will make our first call; she is a genuine, happy saint, though neither Protestant or Roman Catholic. She is an Englishwoman who has lost her property, been deceived by persons she trusted, and neglected by her children. To one looking on, her life seems a hard one, with little in it to rejoice over; to her it seems a series of special providences, and she overflows

with trust and gladness. She lives a perfectly unselfish life and does not know it; she will tell you with wondering delight of gifts and kindnesses received, but she never speaks of the time and strength she gives so lavishly in the service of others. She is sunny-hearted, and nothing shadows the clear light of her blue eyes, or checks her gay, child-like laughter, except occasional home-sickness for Old England; and that one thread of her life is strangely touching, for all other threads, tangled as they look to us, she has changed to shining smoothness. Now we will go farther on toward the Canal, a dreary, unnecessarily dirty place, with a few clean spots in it. Let us stop and talk for a moment to this strong, tall Scotchwoman, with a marvellous name full of double letters. She is fine-looking, self-possessed, and has real dignity. She will tell you the sweetest shilling she ever had she earned by the sweat of her brow; and I wish you could have seen her the other day when a series

of misfortunes forced her to accept assistance. She did not abate one jot of her pride. She knew she had no reason to do that; she did not pour out protestations and benedictions, and her hearty grasp of the hand that helped her and the assured friendliness of her, "You will come and see me," made all social pride absolutely disappear. You would have been truly proud of her in her short, coarse gown, heavy boots and genuine, uncultured speech.

Here is a colony of Irish,—dirty, noisy and good-natured; some of them are very poor and some have all they want. There is, at least, one handsome child in every family, and you can see that whatever comforts these women lack they have as much real satisfaction in the picturesque arrangement of their tatters, over barrel hoops, as their models have in the full sweep of richly-tinted silks over "floating bells." However, we must not linger in this street, for I want you to see a little

girl of fourteen who keeps house for her father. The rooms are upstairs; the lower part of the house is filthy; but in the kitchen of the young housekeeper we find exquisite neatness. She is alone most of the day; she sews and cooks for him, and keeps everything very comfortable; her account of her mistakes is very amusing and, altogether, she is one of the nicest, brightest little girls I have ever known. Near by is a pretty, little Frenchwoman, with olive complexion and sparkling black eyes. She will pour out a flood of hurried words about her poverty and her old man. If he is at home she complains of him; if he is making his semi-annual visit at the County House she entreats you vehemently to get him out. She is very spirited and piquant and, under all circumstances, adorns her magnificent hair with the jauntiest of fresh caps and the brightest of artificial flowers; she has the gift of dressing well, and with a cheap calico and a bit of lace will make a toilette that

half the fashionable women in the town would envy if they saw it. Round the corner, in the next street, in a low, flat-roofed house, lives a German family. Please go to the door and ask some question for the sake of seeing the honest German face and hearing the broken English of the mother. I have been there more than once and am rather afraid to go again, yet it is worth some risk to hear her say "Good-Bye," when you leave her; it is a little bit of music, better than one often hears. One more call on Main Street, in a pleasant, snug room. There we find a beautiful, slender, graceful woman, with two children. She is twenty years old, and she will tell you a strange story of oppression and crime. She was the favorite slave of an unmarried master, who gave her a nice home, clothes, servants to wait upon her, and loved her in a coarse, selfish way. She was true to him and bore with his passionate caprices until, tempted by an almost fabulous price from

a guest, he sold her and she ran away. The oldest child is a mulatto; but the beautiful, fair baby is like its mother, and if you can look into the child's violet eyes or listen to the mother's story of her own life, and she will tell you of the mildest form of slavery, without tears of pity and indignation, without hating slavery with an unutterable hatred, without a conviction of the inexpressible wickedness of the men who know its horrors and yet would extend it or let it alone, you are entirely without heart and soul, and it is no matter what becomes of you.

1860.

Nearly a month since New Year's Day. The ladies who received but six calls have forgotten their neglect, and the sixty have forgotten the names of their callers, so it seems a good time to say something of this

custom. The papers request ladies to be at home to their friends, and most ladies comply. The day is very fatiguing. There are hurried calls which give no one any satisfaction; a few broken sentences, such as "fine day," "made fifty," "got forty-five more to make," "can't stay, of course," wishes for a year's happiness from the lips, only; and so ends till New Year's comes again. To be sure, there are calls, very bright ones, so spirited and bright that their sparkle is left for hours, like the sudden flashing of jewels in the sunlight; and there are others of elegant repose, filled with pleasant, sunny talk about real things; calls that bring rest, for which one is grateful. The funniest calls are made by intimate friends, with whom an ordinary day of conversation is endless, to whom there is never time enough to say what one wishes to. But on New Year's Day all is different; the five or ten minutes' talking is up-hill work, very stupid, and rather mortifying, for the brain abso-

lutely refuses to work satisfactorily; however, this is only to be laughed at, for the next day the dam of dulness is taken away, the brain does its duty, and talk flows easily again. One expects on this day, perhaps, stately, cordial greetings from elderly gentlemen, whose calls are always a compliment; but they do not come. Perhaps one looks for the half-dozen who make parties brilliant, and who always know what to say, who are never solemn or silly, who do their best, and who make the women to whom they talk do their best; but, unfortunately, they are not making calls. Perhaps we wait for some pleasant street acquaintance whose eyes wish to make one know more of that life that has filled them with such strange, sad beauty; but these do not improve the New-Year's opportunity, and so add another to the long list of "might have beens."

1860.

Grace Greenwood has just given a lecture here on the men and women of twenty years hence, "The Children of To-day." The great charm of the lecture was its simplicity, its entire freedom from pretension. People listened with interest because she talked of something which she knew and cared about. One cause of the unsatisfactoriness of our public speaking is that so many seem to have very little idea of what they are talking. Statements of thoughts that come clear from the brain and warm from the heart are uncommon. Glittering generalities are at a premium, and fine-sounding words, rolled out as if they were heavy with meaning, pass unchallenged by hundreds of kind, uncritical listeners. I know that criticism may be too sharp; but, on the other hand, I think the kindness of audiences is often abused by the best lecturers. One of our Lyceum favorites says, with a very wise look in his eyes, "Every bar of iron has passed under the

hammer of Tubal Cain, and the play of 'Hamlet' is only a permutation of the alphabet." Another tries to make his picture of the greatness and magnificence of the universe more effective by telling of "the moon in mad waltz with the earth, whirling through space."

That may be what artists call fine grouping, or touching up the picture with a high light; but to me it was a very untrue and disagreeable statement, suggestive only of two frisky young planets dashing lawlessly around and putting their seniors in great danger. A promising young clergyman, wishing for a large and cultivated parish, lately preached a sermon on beauty, of which he gave this definition, "Beauty is the integral and equitable development of diverse differences." I do not say that this is nonsense, but it is very pretentious and very ridiculously dressed sense. Sundays, one hears a deal of vague talk about angels, their employments, and interests in us mortals. If any

man knows about angels, what they are or what they do, there would be unspeakable pleasure in listening to him; but, for most men, the veil which hangs between this world and the next is impenetrable, and it seems a great waste of time to dogmatize or sentimentalize about that which is on the other side of it. Grace Greenwood advocated a wise letting alone of children. I wish she had gone a little farther and spoken of a wise letting alone of grown-up people. There is a kind of interference constantly practised in families that does not spring from unkindness, but from thoughtlessness. Still, it is useless and annoying. Some persons are always advising a change of plan in unimportant matters in which they have no interest. If one proposes a morning walk the advice is to wait until afternoon; if one rides in the golden sunset light or the early evening, some one is sure to wonder that you did not go earlier, for noon is the best time; if one minded one's friends one

would seldom go out, or do anything not stupid. It is infinitely better for people to do as they like when what they like is good in itself, and does harm to no one.

There is a great deal of complaint now-a-days of the gossip, the low tone and the frivolity of society. Now, almost every one cares for what is good and beautiful, would rather hear of fine things than to talk mean ones; I do not believe that two persons together often talk nonsense,—it takes three or more to do that. No one offers his best unless he is sure of sympathy; and I believe that the noblest thought, the most delicious fun and sparkling wit have been given to but one listener.

I know that Yankees are ridiculed for asking innumerable and impertinent questions, but I do think they tell a great deal more than they ask. They have very little indolent repose about them, and their restlessness overflows in personal talk. It is

rather a pleasant failing, and those who travel only at home ought to be grateful for the variety and amusement, and, oftentimes, the sweetness and prettiness that it brings to them.

Last Sunday was the Lily Sunday for the Unitarians. They keep it as the Catholics do Palm Sunday, only with less form. In one of the churches was a magnificent bunch of white garden lilies (if white flowers can be magnificent) and appropriate music; and, in the other, a gorgeous show of scarlet field lilies and the golden grace of nodding ones. The lily season brings us the most beautiful combination of wild flowers that we have through the year, and the most beautiful combination that anybody has anywhere, with the exception of white orchids, cardinal flowers, and butterfly weed, which August brings in some places.

Let me tell you a little bit about Leicester, as a proof that country life is not monotonous. The ride there is always

lovely; and now the beauty of it is in the dancing life of the wild cherry and the chestnuts just coming into bloom. In the early morning I saw a landscape of perfect beauty. As far as I could see, the mist lay like a great grey sea, and the sharply-lined hills were like bold promontories, as it lifted and rolled against their sides, like surf against great rocks, then slowly disappeared; the whole landscape was a brilliant green once more, lighted by the beautiful ponds which Leicester people have made for themselves. I don't know what else the factories turn out, but they have made ponds with marvellous taste and discretion. I had a long row in a graceful little boat, with young ladies for oarsmen, from which we came back to watch a game of base ball. All the players were in charmingly picturesque costumes,—light blue or pink breeches, with bright-colored rosettes at the knees, pink or white stockings, with low shoes,—all made the common costumes of the by-

standers look very ugly, and made one wish that gay colors were fashionable for men. So much for the pleasures of a chance little visit in a little town. Do you think they would have been more or larger if I had gone away a hundred miles and stayed a week?

Don't let any newspaper or magazine notice induce you to read "Rutledge" by the announcement that "it is like 'Jane Eyre,' or that a Charlotte Bronte has arisen in America," or that it is the greatest novel of the age, or any similar flourish of trumpets. Perhaps you will think all this after you have read the book, and will toss up your own bonnet (have you got a hat?) for the queen of novelists; but I don't believe you will. The book is not great; it is entertaining, and some people sit up all night to read it. It is full of incidents and accidents and all sorts of unnatural things; the heroine is always in trouble and the hero is always appearing to help her out of it; he is rich and proud and

stately, knows all her thoughts before she tells them, and divines all her secrets; he hides his love for her under a thin veil of fatherliness, for he is forty and she is seventeen, and she willingly consents to be deceived by the flimsy pretence. He has great sorrows, which he confides to her; he is moody and fascinating, makes her miserable, cross and snappish, and himself very stiff and jealous; he is rude and cold when his heart is breaking for her, and she cries herself to sleep thinking about him: but, at last, all the snarled threads are made straight; there are humble confessions, self-accusings, embracings and a wedding; and so the novel is successfully accomplished. Is n't it strange that moodiness and absurd pride, and painful misunderstandings and an entire want of frankness make a novel attractive and popular, when, in real life, they are so disagreeable and vexatious? To be sure, they make men and women exciting companions; and, perhaps, that

is their charm in a book, you look on and watch their working without suffering from them yourself. I am not finding fault with the book, only with the praise it receives.

The May number of the *Atlantic* has a story called "Circumstance," by Miss Harriet Prescott. It is wonderful in its mastery over words. To many writers words are hard, inflexible blocks, and, according to the power of the architect, they are to be built into forms of strength and beauty; but to her, words are what a violin is to its master, what a flute is to one who can give it a soul, an organ to the man who was born to play on it. This story is like marvellous music. The words quiver with pain or droop with weariness, or are cold with despair; and then, oh, they grow so rich and full with divine faith and trust, rise so serenely from the victorious soul that one no longer reads them, but every nerve feels them, and the heart presses itself against them as if they were human and could still their throbbings.

I want you to read what Ruskin says about England; only, please to read for England, United States. "No nation," he says, "has ever before declared boldly, by print and by word of mouth, that its religion was good for show, but would not work. Over and over again nations have denied their gods, but they denied them bravely; the Greeks jested at their religion and frittered it away in flatteries and fine arts; the French refused theirs fiercely and tore down their altars. The question about God with both these nations was fairly put, though falsely answered. But we English say, 'There is a Supreme Ruler, no question of it, only He cannot rule. His orders won't work. He will be quite satisfied with euphonious and respectful recognition of them.'"

I had no conception of the absolute darkness which has covered our national mind until I began to come in collision with persons engaged in the study of commercial and political questions. The

entire naïveté and undisturbed imbecility with which I found them declaring that the laws of the Devil were the only practicable ones, and that the laws of God were merely a form of poetical language, passed all that I ever heard or read of mortal infidelity. I knew the "fool had said in his heart there was no God"; but to hear him say, clearly, there is a foolish God, was something for which I was not prepared. The French had, indeed, for a considerable time, hinted much of the meaning in the delicate and compassionate blasphemy of their phrase, "le bon Dieu," but had never ventured to put it into precise terms.

1860.

Of course, you read "May in Rome," in the May number of the *Atlantic*, and, of course, you wished you were there;

yet if you cared only for beauty of sky, tree and flower, you might be contented in Worcester, and forget Rome,—all but the acres of scarlet poppies on the Campagna; I confess that the blaze of color dazzled me for a minute, but only for a minute, for I would not take all the poppies in the world, splendid as they are, in exchange for an apple orchard in blossom. I have seen a very small part of the world, but I know there can be nothing in the whole of it more beautiful than apple trees in May. Look at the great heaps of snowy white or of delicate pink, flecked with deepest crimson; nothing but blossoms to be seen, no leaves, no twigs or trunk visible—only soft, rich masses of color and sweetness; look at them against a clear blue sky; hide yourself under the bending branches, and look up through them at the bits of burning blue, like sapphires scattered upon tinted sea-shells, and I think Roman poppies will fade from your mind and orange groves call you in vain.

Apple trees have some mysterious connection with lilacs, I think, for they are always neighbors, and charming neighbors, too. Lilacs are sturdy and honest, old-fashioned and hospitable, and wave their great purple plumes in the lightest breeze, and pour out floods of fragrance. Earlier spring flowers are more delicate, you must listen for their odor, but the smell of the lilac is like the wind among pine trees.

May brings innumerable wonders: it fringes gray rocks with the scarlet and fine gold of the columbine; it covers the low oaks with graceful tassels, till they look like fountains forever falling in showers of golden spray; it gives to the maple trees the keys which unlock the mysteries of color, and which put garnets and rubies to shame.

Don't shrug your shoulders and talk about east winds and raw days. To be sure they do come sometimes, but the pleasant days are perfect, and I want to

like Worcester better than Rome, and want to make you like it better. Perhaps you will, if you idle away your afternoons as I do, with a friend who is like a bunch of apple blossoms, fresh and sweet; we spend a long time on a short walk; we loiter among the lilacs, and we never grow tired of the lovely ponds (not ten minutes' walk away from our own doors), with their low, wooden bridges, their drooping willows, their exquisite birches and musical pines. If you found so lovely a place two hundred miles away, you would rave about it, and people would tire themselves half to death going to see it, always forgetting that

"That is best, which lieth nearest."

All out-of-door life is charming now; and if you don't care to plunge into swamps for buckbeans and violets, or anon to dream away the hours on the pond shores, you may find Main Street to your taste and will run no risk of being thought tasteless. Main Street is

very pretty and pleasant, shady and comfortable, and there is abundant amusement in the posted bills, if you like that kind of literature. The illustrated posters are wonderful productions, and although the newspapers' stories name a monotony of women with dishevelled hair and uplifted daggers, there is sufficient variety to save from weariness in the circuses, menageries and negro minstrels.

1860.

The last weeks have been filled with news of battles won by our brave soldiers, and the noise of rejoicing bells and cannon that echo the victories. The Soldiers' Relief Society is to have a great tea party in Mechanics Hall to supply money for its work. In an old story the fairy godmother makes pearls and diamonds fall out of the mouth of her favorite child every time she speaks. The result

of the great tea party will be still more magical, for it will transform what goes into the mouths of people to shirts, blankets, socks, towels, and all other things needed by the far away sufferers. The fairy godmother must have been blessing the evergreens with the gift of diamonds. How pretty they have been all the week. A few days ago, when the rapid thawing was checked by a cold west wind and the clear, bright, sunset light shone through the two little thick spruces at our door, they were like Christmas trees lighted as no other Christmas trees ever were. On each twig, even the very smallest, hung a clear, long, very sharp icicle, every one glowing like a flame. The trees were hung thickly with these inverted spires of blazing light, all the more brilliant in contrast with the dark green on which they shone. I have seen nothing prettier this long winter, not even the birds' nests at the Natural History Room in the new Library building, though they are as pretty

as anything can be, the little eggs such dainty bits of delicate color, that one feels sight and touch grow finer as one looks at them. Not alone to sight and touch do refining influences come. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave a concert here last Tuesday; I need not tell you how good it was; when ear and heart can understand the wonderful things the violin and violoncello do together, can translate their sweet strains of love and contentment, then we will confess the perfect education of one sense, and will ask our eyes to read us the same stories from the pink May flowers under great white-pine trees, or from the white blossoms of the bloodroot held firmly by their half unfolded, but still supporting leaves.

Let me suggest to you, that if you have anything to do with public meetings that have for their object the clothing of contrabands you should read the hymn,

"Triumphant Zion lift thy head."

The negroes have been called Canaan so

long that it may be all right to call them Zion now. The lines that follow are,

"Put all thy beauteous garments on," &c.

I don't mean to laugh about contrabands, and the men who are fighting for them, and the other men who can make their future glad by justice or doubly sad by faithlessness; we can't be serious all the time.

1860.

If I were an artist, I would sketch the Worcester pictures, which the last week has brought to me. One of these would have been a perfect subject for Wilkie: a little low-roofed cottage; a cosy kitchen, as clean as hands could make it; a bright fire in the stove and a row of shining lamps on the shelf above; a pet cat asleep on the floor; the windows shaded by a luxuriant growth of geraniums and carnations; an open door showing a glimpse of a

parlor gay with its brilliant carpet and red chairs; and standing by the stove, a tall, active, elderly woman, with handsome features, the merriest laughter in her eyes and the cordial, kindly manner that made her guests sorry to leave her. She was quite alone with her dog and her cat, but we could see that she found them and her plants good company.

Do you know my second picture of the blue pond, with the pine trees on its shore, the two wooden bridges and the woods beyond? Do you know the ducks there, that swim across the pond, land ungracefully, collect around you and press their broad bills under your feet, begging to be fed? They are handsome ducks and so friendly that you may stroke their glossy backs with your hand, and I have no doubt would stand quietly for their portraits, if any one wished to paint them.

My third picture is not "still life," but it is the one beauty of these rough March days, namely, the passing over of the

short, violent storms very disrespectfully called "flurries." They come with a dark rush over Asnebumskit, looking heavy and cruel, as if they would blot out the sun forever, sweep across the plain, wrap Sunny Side in a blinding whirl of snow, roll the pond into waves that are almost white-capped, and hurry across the sky, carrying away hats, caps, veils and dignity in their wild flight, and before they have reached and climbed the eastern hills the pursuing, victorious sunlight is upon them, and for a little while there is blue sky and calmness, then the disbanded troops of winter gather again, for a hopeless battle, to be followed by another despairing flight.

The last week one has needed to read no books of history or romance, for the newspapers have been full of heroism and daring adventure, of noble self-sacrifice and Christian endurance unsurpassed in the world's history. Read Mr. Hinton's account of Stevens and Hazlitt, read the grave, tender, manly letters of Watson

Brown, and you will confess that never before was the world so rich in heroic natures. In one of Watson Brown's last letters to his wife are these memorable words, "I can but commend you to yourself and friends should I never see you again." Truly might Whittier have said of these,

> "Life hath its regal natures yet,
> True, tender, brave and sweet."

The daily papers have given us Wendell Phillips's magnificent speech. It is good to read it so soon after Mr. Seward's; good to compare the clear crystallization of Seward's intellect with the glow and fire of Phillips, and strange to see how unlike they are, and with what different weapons they meet their common foe. Years ago, the great men who launched the Republic, took Satan on board as a passenger with the agreement that he should stay in his narrow berth, and an understanding that he should have only a short sail and leave the ship. They forgot his craftiness or un-

derrated his weight. He was a dangerous passenger. He has possessed himself of all the state-rooms, has bribed the captain, and himself furnished a large portion of the crew, and has so loaded the ship with his retinue and his personal property that she is in danger of sinking. Mr. Seward and Mr. Phillips both want to save her, but how? Mr. Seward proposes to urge Satan back into his narrow quarters, to share power with him until he can be persuaded to yield entirely, or to yield without violence to overwhelming force. Mr. Phillips sees no hope of that good time coming; sees that the past does not promise such a future, and so proposes to throw Satan overboard at once. What matter if the struggle is fierce, if all the timbers strain, and there seems to be danger of parting amidships. The ship is built in compartments; there can be no wreck, and when the struggle is over, when the ship is clean from stem to stern, when there is no crevice where oppression can lurk, then those

on board will stand silent in their deep sadness, seeing before them the noble peace which will follow purity, while a shout of triumph goes up from every heart the world over.

LETTERS TO THE WORCESTER SPY,

BY

"OUR REGULAR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT,"

BETWEEN

1869 AND 1888.

BOSTON LETTERS.

1869.

The widening of streets is taking away so many old landmarks that one feels moved to notice those that remain. Father Taylor's "Bethel" has a unique interest. There sailors gathered for years to listen to the quaint, persuasive and warm-hearted preacher. On pleasant Sundays, he was seen in the pulpit after he was too feeble to preach, a touching figure, and more impressive in his silence than his young and vigorous colleague. Behind the pulpit was a large picture, representing a full rigged ship, painted from an old East Indian merchantman, with sails all spread and colors flying, just coming home from a prosperous voyage. The sea is rough, the wind is strong, the clouds are gathering, the quiet, peaceful harbor is in sight, but the ship may not reach it, for near

rocks threaten her and dangerous precipices frown upon her; a pilot-boat has put out from the harbor and is ready to guide her, an anchor hovers from the sky to lead to safety and far above, through a rift in the clouds, a white-robed angel looks down upon the prosperous ship, so near to safety, so near to destruction; will she take a pilot on board, will she sail with Christ into salvation, or go to wreck on the ice-shores of unbelief? That is the question always asked, that is the handwriting always to be seen on the "Bethel" wall; an interpreter is always there to make it clear, and sailors to be moved by it.

1869.

John Brown, born in 1800, came of Puritan ancestry and belonged to a simple, honorable, hard-working, New England family, active in mind and body, of

the stuff of which soldiers and martyrs are made, and he was both soldier and martyr. Sarah and Angelina Grimke belonged to an aristocratic, exclusive, slave-holding family of Charleston, South Carolina. They were born to wealth, fashion and idleness. John Brown remembered how at five years of age he lived among the Indians in Ohio and was friendly with them, and how at six he began to be a rambler in the wild, new country. He was a tender-hearted little fellow, and says that he was in mourning for a year at the loss of a pet squirrel. At about the same time, the little five year old Sarah Grimke, having seen a slave woman cruelly whipped, ran away from her luxurious home, and was found by her nurse on one of the wharves begging a sea captain to take her to some place where such dreadful things did not happen. The Grimkes were not harmonious, did not get on well together. Sarah and Angelina were unlike the others, and did not hesitate to

reproach and argue with them for their wicked treatment of negroes and their general frivolity. This made the rest of the family cross and angry; and the way was not smooth for the young sisters, who had varied and passionate religious experiences, and became ascetic in their own habits, burning their novels, using their fine laces to stuff their pillows, refusing to join in the amusements of the family, or to share in their luxuries. At last, the two sisters left the South and became Anti Slavery writers and speakers at the North. Their charities and the fact that they were southern ladies gave them a marked place among the early abolitionists. They were wonderfully brave and earnest women, following faithfully their own convictions of right, and bearing ridicule, taunts and abuse from their own family and their friends, especially the Quakers. Their lives were full of work, but in many ways sad and depressing until Angelina married Theodore Weld. The sisters were

never separated. They tried the various reforms of that day of queer experiments; they wore the Bloomer dress until it became intolerable even to their unworldiness; they were vegetarians, ate their food cold, cooked only once a week in order to save time; read while the rice and hominy were boiling; put their servants, whom they took out of charity, on a perfect social equality with themselves; deprived themselves everything but the bare necessities of life in order to give to the poor.

And John Brown followed the dictates of his conscience. He was the central figure in the tumultuous years when slavery and freedom fought for the possession of Kansas, when the days were filled with irregular and daring adventure, wilder and more exciting even than the conflicts after war was declared. And then came Harper's Ferry, the story that everybody knows, when John Brown gave himself and his sons to death that the slaves might be free.

Mr. Sanborn in his book tells all their heroic tragedy in John Brown's own words and letters; showing that it was no impetuous and unconsidered act, but the deliberate work of a grave, sane man, who believed he was called of God to overthrow slavery and was willing to die in the wreck. Twenty years before, he had a definite plan for attacking slavery; he did it when he thought the time had come. No one should condemn him until he has read the life and letters which Mr. Sanborn has edited; until he has learned the tenderness as well as the austerity of the soldier and martyr, and recognized the one purpose of John Brown's life,—a purpose never set aside, but carried out religiously and unflinchingly to the end. The Grimke family at the South suffered severely from the war and were reduced to poverty. Then the northern sisters showed all the love that had been refused, and returned good for evil. In 1868, Mrs. Weld read in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*

a notice of an address delivered by one of the colored students at Lincoln University, named Francis Grimke, and found him to be her brother Henry's son.

Such biographies are good reading. In them is the very elixir of life. They give added strength to the strong, who are working in gladness and sunshine, and they lift out of weariness and depression the weak, who have dropped by the way-side ready to give up the battle.

1870.

We have had hardly a taste of winter yet, but warnings of spring are coming everywhere. We had a great snow-storm last week, and the Common was a marvel of beauty. Soft snow covered every bit of the wire fence, no footsteps had broken the smooth surface, and the sky was a lovely moist gray, foretelling a warm rain. There was no glitter, nor an atom of ice

to be seen, everything looked warm and light. The trees moved lazily, as they do on summer afternoons, but not enough to shake off the snow; no rustling or murmuring as with the summer wind; no snapping or creaking with which winter protects against the breeze that cuts them like a thousand knives and flings the broken twigs in derision at their feet, but slow, graceful motion and utter silence. It seemed like enchantment; one held one's breath to listen, and started when a flake touched the cheek, as if touched by the finger of the genius of the storm. The Common looked limitless; the snow was bewildering and covered all landmarks; and it seemed as if Beacon St. Mall stretched far away for miles with its arches of wonderful beauty and its floor of spotless white. It was the best thing winter can do, and I am sure we shall not have another such display. Then came a few days of fast and furious sleighing and of fearful peril to pedestrians from snow-

slides, thundering and crashing all day and booming through the night like keen flashes of artillery. But now we have warm days again, and shop windows are hideous with placards urging people to buy at less than cost, as things must be sold within a few days, while yet the black velvet suits heavy with Russian sable have hardly been seen, and on that account we might wish for a month of cold weather yet.

Boston women will soon be known on the public platform as men are, and will excite no more curiosity. Thursday morning there was a hearing at the State House on Woman Suffrage; the delegation large, and too much said, as usual; some of the arguments were strong, but uninteresting; one speech was lengthened and injured by using the worn-out historical argument that women have ruled kingdoms and ruled them well; of course Queen Elizabeth was dragged in, false, fickle and fiery, but made authority, be-

cause she knew how to select good ministers and draw great men to her court. Mrs. Livermore's speech was capital. She is a true orator, using argument, sentiment and satire, wit and wisdom with admirable art. She softens, but never weakens, her argument; with pathos, at precisely the right moment of tenderness, she drives home her argument. She is the only effective speaker in the cause of woman suffrage, excepting Lucy Stone. One in listening to her appeal, thinks of the prayers of Thetis to her sister Juno; the goddess yielded, smiled, poured sweet nectar from the jar and joined the "inextinguishable laughter of the gods." Our modern Juno will hardly do that; she will never yield, and only after she has won the victory will she join the laughter of the gods.

Miss Phelps's "Hedged In" is suggestive. It will make its readers think of the strange difference between the lives hedged in by ignorance and poverty and

sin, so that no path out into the light, no honest work can be found, and those so hedged in by culture, love and watchful tenderness that they know neither the sight or the sound of sin; it will make them think of the sin of injustice and of judging these two lives by the same rule; it will make all thoughtful persons consider their own duty to the girls who have gone astray, and it will make them feel more strongly than ever the difference between real and professed Christianity. The book is genuine and noble; and never does tenderness and pity for the sinner make the author forget the fearful and inevitable consequences of sin.

The anniversary of the Boston Massacre was depressing, as some one took the opportunity to cast down and trample upon the historical fact that Crispus was a hero and a martyr. Now it turns out that poor Crispus was nobody, or rather everybody, for he could claim the quartering of every race on the continent; a brawler

by profession; was hit and died in the way of his trade, and has no claim to martyrdom. Well, it is sad to have our inexorable knowledge swept away and our old friends. I am afraid George Washington will go next, and his little hatchet and the classic Virginia apple tree will by and by yield to the blows of historical critics, as the more famous one of Eden has already yielded.

1870.

The famous picture of the Battle of Gettysburg is exceedingly interesting to the whole community, if we can judge by the numbers that flock to see it. I went with all the rest of Boston, expecting to see a bloody mass of men, horses, horrors and smoke, without beauty, and wonderful only for the industry shown by the artist. That was my idea of a great battle picture, and I was astonished at the real pleasure

the first glance gave me; a calm sky, a long, irregular line of hills on the horizon, with tents softened by distance and hazy from the smoke and dust of battle; the foreground crowded with soldiers, and mounted officers gesticulating eagerly or pointing to some portion of the army; a wrecked caisson on the left, with the horses struggling in their harness, and the solid columns of the men, with tattered flags waving, stretching on till the eye ceased to follow them. In the very front of the picture, that is, in the rear of the army, are wounded and dead men, the ground strewn with hats, caps, guns, blankets and knapsacks; yet the horrors are not made conspicuous. This is my first impression of the picture. I don't know how to criticise it, don't even know if the criticism I have made is just; the dead men may be out of drawing, the mounted men may be wooden, the horses may be faulty; I can't tell, for I never saw men or horses under such circumstances and don't

know how they should look, but I am sure the picture will interest almost everybody, and will repay one for giving it a half-hour out of even a busy day.

1870.

Fairs have crowded and hurt each other for the past month. It seems as if this extravagant and laborious way of raising money would never be outgrown. We can only hope that when women have their rights and sin is abolished, the blunders of society will be taken in hand by some reform club or social science association, and fairs will be sloughed off as slavery has been and the subjection of women. Just now, however, one evil is used as a weapon with which to attack another, and the Woman's Suffrage Bazaar fills Music, Bumsted and Horticultural Halls with its attractions; this great under-

taking, so widely advertised and so faithfully worked for, excites more than local interest and has some peculiarities, which relieve the usual monotony of flags, shields, green trimmings, which grow pathetically dry and dull, and food, miscalled "refreshments." The first large motto attracting attention is at the Plymouth table, "The coming woman will do housework"; and here the demand for kitchen aprons, etc., far exceeds the supply, suggesting that the woman already come does housework, whatever the woman of the future may do. Having sacrificed at the altar of household duty, you are next called to that of public work by a notification of voting for Speaker in the House of Representatives, one of the candidates being a woman. Gentlemen are not excluded from the polls, but are requested to "vote early and often," as usual. This was a poor joke when it was new, and worn threadbare so long ago one wonders at a fresh, bright cause using

the rags of it today. However, it makes a good deal of fun, and more than one gallant and independent gentleman has "bolted," giving his vote for neither of the candidates, but for the persuasive young lady who stood at the polls. Across one side of the hall stretch the good words of Theodore Parker, "Woman's work like charity begins at home, then like charity goes everywhere." In the place of honor, wreathed with flags, are these words of Goethe, in German text, thoughtfully translated, "The eternal womanly draws us on."

A capital picture has been on exhibition at Childs'. A squirrel coming down to drink at a little pool, and pushing himself under a low branch of maple, with gorgeous leaves whose reflection makes a rich coloring in the water; he has pushed his head under and paused, ready to retreat if there is any danger, his eyes bright, his air alert. A great magnificent leaf hides a part of his body and shows well against

the handsome bushy tail of the little fellow. Altogether it is a fascinating picture and makes one remember many an autumn walk, many an armful of maple boughs, many a delicious hour by pond or wood or stream, and many a squirrel skurrying along the irregular stone walls and hiding himself in the trees.

1871.

Our Horticultural Exhibition has been most interesting. There was a stand of roses from the garden of Francis Parkman; they were simply delicious; one could not help thinking of the famous Persian rose garden in which Saadi was once benighted and where he was inspired to write his "Gulistan," saying, "I will form a book of roses, which will delight all beholders; this rose garden will flourish forever." Dr. Parkman is a historian; but the results of his faithful labor and

laborious research, in the early history of America, are told in a style that rivals a rose garden in richness, variety and harmony of color, and with a sentiment as sweet as the perfume of flowers: we need no longer look to the East and the past for a rose garden, when a poet lives and does work which is not transitory.

I have been in a small town nestling in the mountains, dark with pine and hemlock and beautiful with spring flowers. The region is rich in lakes. Poultney River pauses here to take breath, and then flings itself over a wild, rocky precipice in two magnificent falls; the country is full of lovely places, almost unvisited. It is all broken up by slate quarries, and purple and green slate make partly the coloring of the landscape. Here is a colony of Welsh workmen, and very interesting they are; all read and write; all sing; have fine voices; and great beauty of face not uncommon. They have annual literary festivals, at which prizes for the best con-

tributions are given; these are on a great variety of subjects. The poets and essayists are men who work in the mines and quarries; they are clannish, and have a strong national feeling, but they make good citizens. Of the same class and character are many of the men in our anthracite coal regions.

1871.

It is strange to feel how much of lovely Sunday quietness creeps even into the heart of a busy city. This morning the old graveyard on which we look out was as sweet and still as any country churchyard; birds were singing; the early soft foliage is thick enough to hide the houses on the other side; the singing of the choir in a neighboring church came, softened by distance, through our open windows; the air was fragrant with the first blossoming

lilacs, that most country-like of perfumes, full of remembrances of old gardens and peaceful back doorsteps where we used to sit for hours making dainty ornaments by stringing lilac-blossoms; the illusion of being in the country was strengthened when a child's voice, full of delight and desire, said, "Oh, there's laylocks, did you know it?" What playthings the trees used to fling down to us, and the flowers offer us in the old gardens; what a mine of delight was the Balm of Gilead tree; how the horse-chestnuts daily provided fresh ornaments for our roomy baby-houses in the great, mysterious garret; how we furnished our dolls' tables with beautiful and fantastic tea-sets made of poppies gone to seed, and our dolls themselves with dainty mirrors, which grew abundantly in the thick border of "Devil in the Bush"; how we gathered cheeses from the luxuriant Robert Run-Away that with exquisite blue flowers covered the bank where the sweet-briers had their roots! We found everything we

wanted, fresh every day, and ours without money and without price; how we wasted and experimented and flung away, yet missed nothing from our generous store; and how now the scent of the lilacs has stirred the old memories!

1871.

In the exhibition of Phœnician art are several colored heads finely preserved; one priest of Venus, a dove with outstretched wings sculptured upon his cap; another fine head is wreathed in boldly cut leaves in high relief, and has beard, lips and eyes colored red. Strong, kindly faces these priests'; not beautiful, like Apollo or Mercury, but pleasant to look at. The finest, a priest with drapery, heavy and graceful, falling in almost straight folds; the right arm bare, hanging out at the side; the fingers lightly holding some plant; a scarf twined about

the head; the figure like a Roman emperor; this is two thousand years old. Dr. Rimmer has a large picture of Cupid, relating his adventures to Venus. She rests slightly on one arm. What words can describe the coloring of the flesh! It is like a gorgeous sunset, and pales the crimson bars that are painted with sunset background of Cupid; marvellously variegated shading into deepening red saffron tints; it is glowing, it may be goddess-like, but it is not human. Venus emerged from the sea, it is said; perhaps she was really born from the Red Sea, went through a prehistoric canal to the Mediterranean, and remained true to her native color. Cupid is a lively child, with outstretched wings, quiver and sandals, talking with great animation to his languid mother.

Judge Russell, on board school-ship, told the boys that Dickens made a little speech, which hangs framed there today, "Boys, do all the good you can and don't make a fuss about it." Dickens, said

Judge Russell, was the true friend of man; he made no fuss about doing good; he made no demands for hearers as his just due; but he belonged to the class of whom we read that they heard with surprise, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," and wondered when they had done such service for their Lord; and only in the light of the answer, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these have ye done it unto me," did they see the beauty and the worth of their own lives. This gives merely a hint of the way Judge Russell spoke of Dickens, his earnestness and tenderness of manner, for he loved the man of whom he told. I cannot show you faces of the one hundred boys, listening with breathless interest; it was a strange and touching scene; Dickens himself must have looked upon it all with pleasure; the large low school-room, open to the fresh sea air; the books; the comfortable desks; the boys turned aside from the paths of sin and shame brought here, instead of

being taken to a dirty demoralizing jail, to be taught by competent teachers, who believed it was worth while to make good men of them. The school-ship must be infinitely better for them than jails or houses of correction.

1871.

The Art Club exhibition is considered satisfactory, I believe. There is a wonderful and very unattractive picture by Allston much admired by connoisseurs, and an exquisite beach by Gay, to be admired by everybody. A lovely sky, a cool stretch of sandy beach, a blue sea, with a delicate crest of foam on each little wave as it breaks on the shore, make a delicious picture, full of beauty for the eye, of music for the ear; for you can hear the low, restful murmurs of the song of love, which the sea is singing to the

patient, waiting shore, and of dreams for the fancy. Looking at the lovely, lonely scene, one cannot help thinking of Thoreau's poem,

"My life is like a stroll upon the beach,"

and repeating the last lines,

"I have but few companions on the shore.
They scorn the strand, who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me."

1872.

The conversation of Bostonians, their way of taking life hard, the lack of fun and playfulness in conversation, are proverbial, and excite admiration or ridicule according to the taste of the critic. If one will withdraw for a few weeks from outdoor life and listen to their thoughtfulness, their desire for reform, their habitual dealing with large and interesting subjects

both to men and women, by people who have not the slightest personal interest in them, is very striking. Education is a favorite topic, and it sometimes seems as if nothing ever said in public was half as good, about these varied interests; one is exercised about our city improvements; one has wonderful tales to relate of European cities, densely populated, which have been thoroughly purified by the opening of parks, etc.; one talks of street railroads; another is disturbed at the narrowness of our streets; and others argue for more comfortable communication with the suburbs; a pretty, exquisitely dressed woman is anxious for the supply of pure milk; she boards and the milk of the boarding-house is all right, but then other people haven't pure milk and she weeps with those who weep; and so has an ardent interest in the milk association, which is our latest reform. Opinions vary about woman suffrage, but withal Bostonians are not wholly given over to the practical. An

encouraging account of city missions may be quite driven from the mind by the report of a lecture on evolution, or the good of science or positive philosophy ; a charming woman full of tenderness and affection, amid many cares of home and children, finds time for art and literature ; one is exercised to get some disregarded law set right, and is searching for an old Latin book, which brings to light many interesting things. The needs of the shiftless poor are always in evidence ; however, there is some room for light talk about dress and fashions, for the confessions of happy, tragic or romantic love affairs and for the discussion of personal dislikes or prejudices. So the weeks go on, new interests crowd old ones out of the way, but conversation is always varied and full of life. I believe there is only one thing we don't hear about. Nobody brings a report of the way the pussy-willows are coming out, or rejoices over promising buds in sheltered places. No skater has been lured by noon

sunshine to the shores of lake or pond to come back with treasures of moss or evergreen. If we want a bit of moss, we pay a fabulous price for it; or earth to fill a flower-pot, it is weighed out by the pound and put in a paper-bag like the nicest of groceries. Habit has accustomed us to wired flowers and we know it is useless to put a bouquet in water, that rust and not freshness will be the result; and now even violets go wired in their dainty little moss baskets.

1872.

Anniversary week is over, with its scores of meetings, its hundreds of speeches, its tangled web of resolutions, caucuses, quarrels, reverence, gravity, money-getting, reports of the past and projects of the future. In this Babel of confused tongues there was real earnestness, a few flashes of eloquence, fewer sparkles of wit, a light

ballast of common sense, and an undertone of discontent. On the last week of May Boston is a kind of harbor, into which a fleet of all kinds of reformatory, religious and charitable crafts come to give out of their year's voyaging and to refit for a new cruise. It is not wholly a harmonious fleet; not all the ships will be officered well or well manned; they do not always come into port greatly; they cannot all find anchorage. Right into the midst of all this mental and spiritual turmoil swept a gorgeous procession, with waving banners, floating plumes, dancing pennants, clothing of black velvet and silver, scarlet and gold, white and blue; bands of music so close together that the dying notes from one floated into the next; and for days and nights the Free Masons, the G. A. R. and the Militia filled the streets with a gay spectacle, and brought a momentary sense of release and pleasure into the monotony of the tired laborers of the machines of the anniversary meetings.

In one of the old graveyards this last Memorial day, nothing could be prettier or more pathetic than the picture, where one or two old soldiers are buried; all the other graves are half-sunken and moss-covered, and here came a few women dressed in black, where last year's flags still drooped and last year's immortelles still hung; a few of the Grand Army veterans stood with uncovered heads and for a moment "listened underneath the postern green," laid fresh flowers and whispered words soft and sweet; a band of singers, a strain of music and the graveyard was once more closed. A simple and touching remembrance, and seemed to belong to the old place.

"Out through the gate of Death ye have passed into calm."

1872.

The Indian chiefs have departed. They have seen civilization, and have gone

home to tell about it. They yielded in some degree to the seductions of civilized costume, but it was not becoming. They were treated with great courtesy, and made a pleasant impression upon all who saw them, and indulged in an ardor of feeling not expected in the proverbially reserved Indians. Their speeches were interesting, and it was curious to note the difference between their few and simple ideas, and their limited range of words of even ordinary white speakers. The chiefs knew they had been wronged and said so. For many days the city has rung with boasting self-gratulation. Great are the ideas and the charities of New England; how free, how large are we, how noble! Look at our connections, our institutions; listen to our talk; let the rest of the world listen and learn; and before the pæan has died away, we hear the deep pathos of Indian voices, like a chorus, "you have lied to us; your talk is indeed good, but you have stolen from us and broken all our

treaties." The simple directness of their speeches was very effective. Then Wendell Phillips spoke. Never was a more picturesque scene on any platform. Phillips, so fine and graceful, so serene in his audacity, so gracious in his arrogance, the embodiment of moral and intellectual power, and near him that group of heavily built, strangely dressed, dark skinned men, with stolid faces framed in masses of raven hair which fell over their shoulders, while stretching back to the organ was a sea of intense faces, pleasant and curious. The chiefs were guests of the Massachusetts Indian Commission, who entertained them generously. Now they are gone and we wait for the next sensation.

1872.

Boston is a huge seething, bubbling, steaming cauldron, in which something called the "Peace of the World" has been

cooking for fifteen days and will cook for four more. America was put in first, when the international kettle was clean and bright, with plenty of room. She went in singing Old Hundred, waving the stars and stripes; then England followed with "God Save the Queen," and Madame Rudersdorff; we thought the kettle boiled and sang then, and that peace must be almost done. I came away just as France was to be thrown in, and only heard of the madness that grew and grew as Germany followed, and one after the other, Austria and Prussia were added to the unequalled soothing syrup, stirred continually by the magic wand of cooks accomplished in their line. Today Ireland goes in strong, probably the largest mass of one kind that has been added, and I despair of describing the result. There is an absolutely frightful boiling over, but no matter, the mixture grows thicker and the world's wounds are to be healed by it; only a little more and it will be done; but Italy is yet to be

stirred in; tomorrow and the next, one more portion of America will be needed, and then a final portion of all the nations. The Fourth of July will be devoted to violent stirring and flavoring with gunpowder, and after that those who have lived through the turmoil may at least hope for peace.

Away from all this, we went to the quietest of farmhouses, near one of the quietest of New Hampshire's villages, nestling in a green and beautiful valley, surrounded by high hills, among which Kearsarge, with its ever-changing colors and its mountain glory, stands like a king. The village is gradually lessening in population, but still retains a good deal of life; and like most old country towns is rich in interesting people and queer histories. A mile or more from the village, on what was once a country road, but is now overgrown with a wealth of vines, delicate roses, luxuriant ferns, with the richest and densest young oaks and maples crowding

into it, is an old and utterly abandoned graveyard; it does not seem neglected; it has long passed that stage and relapsed into woodland. There is no trace of path or cleared place; the only signs of human beings ever entered there are the grave-stones, one large white rose-bush and a thicket of cinnamon roses, which, untrained for years, have grown and straggled and tangled as they would, but have such a mass of sweet and deep-colored blossoms as I never saw before. Year after year the pine needles have fallen on the graves and now, through the soft red carpet, maples are pushing their pretty leaves; great clumps of gigantic ferns have grown; partridge berries wander and mark their path with glowing red; and the bright mosses light up the grey. It is impossible to describe the peacefulness, the beauty, the irresistible charm of the place. Most of the stones are old; the epitaphs are few and of the simplest. There is nothing of the pretension which

graveyard literature often has; no celebrating in elaborate verse the heroism or saintliness of the departed; only a human tenderness, an expression of faith in another life, and an entreaty to those behind to "love the Lord." On one stone, "Forget me not"; well known lines from old hymn books; and only one attempt at epigram, as "When this life is o'er, she dies to live, or lives to die no more." There is one conventional weeping-willow and a wreath in the stiffest outline. But nature has supplemented all short-comings and with divine impartiality has covered all stones alike with ornament more rich and delicate than pencil or chisel ever made; fine gray lichens, with shades of olive, cling to the dark slates and enrich them marvellously. We could not hear even the church-bells of the village; the only sounds were the twitter of the birds, the hum of insects, and the cool surflike sough of the summer winds breathing

their music through the tall pines with their delicious fragrance.

In the still noon we sauntered along the grassy road by the side of a running brook, hiding under mossy arches or going half-asleep in dark, cool hiding-places; then leaping out with a laugh and a flash to play in the sunshine. So we came back to the farmhouse, with its borders of syringa, lilies and ambrosia, honeysuckle and lavender, its restless silver-leafed poplars, and best of all, its inmates. A family was there gathered of which New England might be proud. There were two men; one seventy-nine, the other eighty years old; both strong and active, full of interest in the present and rich in memories of the past. One has gained from the ups-and-downs of his fourscore years a noble serenity, a perfect sweetness of character, an optimism that never verges on fatalism or indifference, a dignity that is never self-conscious or cold; the other has retained an almost boyish

flow of spirits and love of fun, and is well known as one of the best of agricultural writers; has a vivid, picturesque, almost dramatic way of talking, and a merriment in his blue eyes and expressive face that seems to belong to the very spirit of youth. Both of these men were as familiar with the politics of the days of Monroe, the younger Adams and Andrew Jackson, as with those of the present day; both ardent federalists, both now republicans. They tell laughingly how timid children were terrified at the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, and shuddered at any strange noise, thinking he had come to capture the United States. They have seen many political parties grow, ripen and fall, many strange religious sects gain converts for awhile and then disappear; and having seen all these things and pondered them, they believe the present time is better than the past, and that the future will be better still. The women in the family have all passed the time of youth and bloom; have

known care and sorrow and the need of strict economy, but they have not learned complaint; they have that wonderful thing called character, that unconscious superiority to circumstance, which takes with equal serenity poverty and abundance, obscurity and public praise. They can do almost anything, from cooking a dinner to reading and enjoying the books of the best French and German literature, which lie upon the table and divide the time with their household duties; there were young people, too, in the house, and when the three generations gathered together, the conversation was as bright, rapid and witty as any ever printed in "Table Talks."

1872.

One perfect summer morning we started for a visit to the Shaker village among the mountains. All the way the scenery was varied and charming, and much of it so

novel and foreign we half forgot we were in New England. A long low farmhouse; at one of the open windows a woman of seventy perhaps; a white cotton cap, with a high crown; a dark handkerchief folded across her breast; a rosy, bare-legged child, with hair curly and as white as lint; nobody else to be seen; we thought them Swedes or Norwegians, but the stately grandmother was a figure long to be remembered. A turn in the road brings us in sight of the Shaker village, high among the hills; here abundance of fresh air and no crowding. The rules on the placards seemed stiff and not encouraging, but the welcome was friendly and the hospitality perfect. You will find among the Shakers all the difference you find among the best of the world's people: one is grave, sweet and saintlike; another has all the grace and vivacity of a leader of one of the French salons, and her sixty years have not made her forget how to use her eyes; she wears her soft white head-gear

coquettishly, and carries her sunbonnet, lined with green silk, on her arm with a grace that any young belle might envy. What a vision of beauty was the elderess, as she showed us into our chamber, in the dim light; a wrap of soft white cashmere with a binding of sky-blue over her shoulders; her dark hair half-hidden under a plain lace cap; her splendid eyes full of tender light, as she told us what peace and contentment she found in her religion; it was just like a scene in "Pilgrim's Progress," as we sat in the chamber looking toward the east, whose name was peace. But they themselves confess that many Shakers find it hard to practice the perfect faithfulness and the spotless cleanliness their faith requires. The faces of the men were unattractive; they looked careworn and indifferent.

1872.

I came home on Saturday in time to hear Professor Tyndall's third lecture be-

fore the Lowell Institute. The small hall was crowded. Professor Tyndall is a man of medium height, slender in figure, with hair and beard just tinged with gray. His eyebrows are peculiar and very expressive; he is not handsome and yet seen as he sometimes is in silhouette against the brilliantly lighted screen, prepared for his experiments, the outline of his face and head is beautiful, fine and spirited. His manner is unstudied; he is indeed unconscious of it, being wholly occupied with his subject. He begins with both hands on the table before him, leaning forward, but in a moment or two stands erect, and as the subject grows in interest he uses slight, swift, expressive gestures, with hand, with eyeglass; sometimes with his whole body. Saturday evening, he had a good deal to say about Thomas Young, the founder of the undulatory theory of light, the greatest man in the department of science since the days of Newton. While speaking with deep reverence of Mr. Young's life and

scientific work, Prof. Tyndall dropped into a slightly sing-song manner, not in the least unpleasant to hear or to see; I say to see, for his body rocked in the regular undulations of his words. As soon as he turned to his experiments, he was alert and nervous again. When they do not come out right, he finds a reason for it, and makes the partial failure as instructive as entire success would have been. I never saw a pleasanter relation between a lecturer and his audience. He tells them just how long he shall keep them, and when he shall require close attention, or real hand-work, as he calls it, from them. Saturday evening he left off in the middle of exquisite experiments with soap-bubbles, and this evening he began at the very point where he left off, without a word to indicate that forty-eight hours had passed since his last sentence. Prof. Tyndall has found Boston air too pure for some of his experiments and has amused his audience by smoking it a little, in

order to make it more like the London air in which he is accustomed to work.

1872.

It is very difficult to describe the impression made by Mr. Froude who gave his lecture here last Thursday. He is tall, spare, awkward, with legs and arms very much in his way; his large, strong hands are an endless trouble to him; he hides them nervously or defiantly, hooks them by their thumbs to his waistcoat armholes or spreads them out like a breastplate over his chest. His hair is dark and straight; his eyes rather gloomy; his mouth decidedly depressed at the corners; his face strong, commanding, but not happy. He looked at first like a hard-working, powerful Methodist minister, and a carelessly tied white cravat added to the resemblance. He was apparently unconscious of the prolonged applause which greeted his appearance, which was renewed as Judge

Hoar introduced him; at least, he did not acknowledge it by even a bow. He began by asking in a tremulous voice the audience to come nearer lest they would not be able to hear him; but he soon adapted his voice to the hall, and then everything went well. He is unsympathetic, or rather expresses no sympathy; his business is with his subject, not with his audience, and he pays no attention to them. They, on the contrary, pay deep attention to him, but not having encouragement to express their pleasure they discreetly remain silent. The lecture was interesting and concise, passing rapidly over the history of Ireland and the Irish from the earliest annals to the close of the fifteenth century. It was not a picture of still life, but did not seem unfair. As Mr. Froude went on, he became personally, intensely interesting, more so perhaps from that which he did not say. A sudden glimpse would reveal depths of satire or a rich vein of humor, but we were never allowed more than

a glimpse, and that piqued both curiosity and interest. Froude confined himself almost entirely to grave history; but the one Scotch story he told, illuminated his subject, so inimitable was his way of telling it. We know that Mr. Froude does not admire Ireland; that he does not believe she ever had a golden age; that England has treated her badly, but the fault has been in too ill-timed, rather than excess of interference as he believes: also he credits the Irish with as fine traits of character as any other people; and that it is in America, not in Great Britain, that the question of their future civilization and place in the world is to be settled. Mr. Froude did not excite any enthusiasm, but he did awaken interest in his subject and himself; an interest that grows and deepens as we think about both.

1873.

We are heartily enjoying a season of sunshine and amiability; there is no politi-

cal turmoil; the city government is useful and quiet, though there is some amusing discussion on dinners at the public expense,—and the amount of dinners at the public expense; the small-pox trouble is over; the streets are getting into decent order; there are pretty actresses at the theatre. An English lecturer has been drawing large audiences. She tells us of the great women she has known; she rehearsed arguments, the a, b, c of woman's rights, that Lucy Stone had told us years ago. It is a mistake to suppose that anybody who can do many things well can lecture. Next to mental improvement, shopping is now the business of life most exhaustive and bewildering. The amount accomplished by women is an unanswerable proof of their strength of body and clearness of mind. The latter may be owing to the severe training in scientific clearness; to thread one's way, through the narrow and intricate lanes of fabrics and not lose one's temper, is a triumph of

amiability; to see all lovely and beautiful things and still buy inexpensive ones, if one has little money, is a triumph of principle over vanity; and to know what one wants when one stands in a shop, with the products of the world's looms heaped up about them, proves singular clear-sightedness of judgment and firmness of purpose; strong is the character demanded for wise shopping, exalted all the Christian virtues needed to make that peculiar feminine labor anything but anguish, mortification and waste of money. But Bostonians have some reason to be, well—to be what they are—indescribable by common pen.

1873.

On the third of July we had reason to be glad and proud of our progress toward liberty, for on that day we had some proof of it. A colored regiment from South Carolina had come as guests

of the first colored regiment here. They marched through the streets and were reviewed by the mayor in front of the city hall, where addresses were made by the mayor and the South Carolina colonel. Our colored soldiers wore facings and feathers of white and light blue, and a very dark blue uniform; the southerners wore, I think, green facings and black soft hats with long green feathers. They were a very picturesque and fine looking body of men. It was pleasant to see the interest they excited. School Street was crowded with spectators as they marched through it; and at Parker's, guests and waiters left their dinners and flocked to the review. We remembered the scene in 1853, when Anthony Burns was marched through State Street guarded for slavery by white soldiers. Ten years after, the Rev. John Weiss wrote, "what a day was that when the merchants of State Street were compelled to stand silent upon the porticos of their banks and offices and see the idea of

liberty trampled on all the way down that historic street." These are different days now, when merchants and people of all ranks cluster on these porticos, fill the windows and balconies, clinging to every shelf of granite, to welcome with thundering cheers and eyes moistened by patriotic emotion the successive regiments that bore the flag of civilization and freedom along to Alexandria, over pavements trodden by the slave's reluctant feet. It was the North retracing her pro-slavery step; not fully seeing whither the thinking bayonets must go, not yet abandoning the flag, with deliberate consciousness to a great just war against slavery itself: but marching that way with the popular countenance lowering in the direction from whence all our ills were forthcoming. Retracing her pro-slavery steps! yes, that is the story of the war. Slowly, painfully, one by one, did she retrace them; washing out with innocent blood every print of the old shame, and offering at every step her

dearest and bravest in expiation: and now through that grand, historic street march those for whom the North retraced her steps; the down-trodden whom she lifted up; and over them floats the starry flag, beneath which they suffered and by which they were saved. It was the triumphant end of the story that began in oppression and anguish. As we looked at the well-drilled, stalwart fellows and heard the jubilant music, we half expected to hear above the strains of Montgomery's magnificent hymn,

> "Lo myriads of slaves unto men are born.
> The word was omnipotent and there is light."

1874.

One of the most delightful autobiographies ever written is that of Mrs. Mary Somerville. Mrs. Somerville was a thoroughly kindly and affectionate woman; her great scientific attainments and the

admiration she received never made her vain, or spoiled in the least her sweet womanliness. Her childhood was passed in a little town near Edinburg, among poor people of simple habits; and the sketch of her wild, free life in the old garden and on the shore, where she learned to know and to love flowers, shells, stones, birds, and all the animals that came in her way, is charming. Not far from her home was the fishing village of Newhaven. The very village that Charles Reade made famous years ago in the best and wittiest story he ever wrote, "Christie Johnstone." Christie was perhaps one of the fishwomen whom Mrs. Somerville describes, who helped to land and prepare the fish when the boats came in; carried them to town for sale; managed the house; brought up the children and provided food and clothing for all; kept the purse and managed all the family matters. Some of the people were rich and lived well. Many of the young women were pretty, and all wore

bright colored costumes. Here is a picture of her childhood: "My mother was very much afraid of thunder and lightning, and knew when a storm was coming. We had an excellent and beautiful pointer, called Hero, a great favorite, who lived in the garden, but at the first clap of thunder would rush bounding indoors and place his face on my knee. Then my father, who laughed not a little at our fear, would bring a glass of wine to my mother and say, 'drink that, Peg, it will give you courage, for we are going to have a rat-tat-too.' My mother would beg him to shut the window shutters; and though she could no longer see to read, she kept the Bible on her knee for protection." This may show a lack of strength of mind, but there is something very attractive in the group, — the young, terrified mother reading the Bible for safety, with her delicate child and the handsome dog nestling close to her, while the brave sailor husband affectionately tried to comfort them. One year of board-

ing-school cast a little shadow over her girlhood, and her first marriage was passed over so lightly that the reader infers it was not a happy one. Several biographical notices, however, speak in the highest terms of Mr. Greig, her first husband, and attribute to his influence her great love of study and her success as an author and mathematician, but her mother, her biographer, denies this. After his death, Mrs. Greig married her cousin, William Somerville, whose love and admiration for her were unbounded; he warmly entered into her ideas and helped her in every way, proudly acknowledging her superiority to himself. This happy married year added to her knowledge, making her character more beautiful and her position more brilliant. She knew the best scientific and literary men and women in Europe; she was a musician and a painter, and artists of note sought her society, while women of the highest rank were proud to have her grace their festivities. Her manners

were faultless; she had no conscious superiority, speaking very modestly of her successes. Her first book, "The Mechanism of the Heavens," was published 1830 or 31. She says, that while writing it she by no means gave up society, but dined out, went to evening parties, and to the theatre as usual. A few years later her second scientific book appeared. Her third book, a physical geography, was written when she was between sixty and seventy years old; her last one, "Molecular and Microscopic Science," when she was nearly ninety. The powers of her mind never failed her, but in the last years of her life she worked slowly and tired easily. But the most charming thing in the book is the account of Mrs. Somerville's tender, noble, beautiful old age. Every word of it should be read by everybody. It is worth all the books ever written and all the speeches ever made about woman's education.

1874.

Do your readers recall Miss Peabody's record of Mr. Alcott's school in the first edition of her book, printed in 1835? The school was for children under twelve years of age, and was kept in a large room in Masonic Temple. Mr. Alcott aimed to teach philosophically to even the youngest pupils that contemplation of spirit is the first principle of human culture, the foundation of self-education. The school was entirely original and very interesting, the methods of teaching were peculiar, but astonishingly successful, and the children grew wonderfully, both spiritually, mentally and morally; their conversations and comments upon what they read are extraordinary, and yet, I believe, they were only average children when Mr. Alcott took them in charge. He was the first man here who believed in the necessity of ornament in the school-room, of artistic education for children; so he had upon the walls pictures; and busts of Milton, Shake-

speare, Scott, Socrates and Plato in suitable places; a medallion of Jesus; a statue of Silence; and some small images of children reading, drawing, etc. Freehand drawing from nature was taught to every child. Mr. Alcott must see with great satisfaction how his conversations of fifty years ago have become a law in our public schools. Probably none of his conversations at the time excited more comment than his system of punishment, which at an early stage of the school became vicarious. Mr. Alcott obliged offenders to apply the blows with the ferrule to himself instead of receiving them from him. But the reader must remember Mr. Alcott's school was forty years ago and was unique.

1874.

Closed houses, and doorways boarded up, are beginning to give an uninhabited look to many of the streets, and show

how early people go into the country or to Europe; but those who remain appear to crowd a whole year's work into these few May weeks, and the only care of a person of leisure must be to choose the kinds of amusement or instruction which shall fill the days. On Sundays there is also an immense variety offered; the Saturday papers publish a sort of theological bill of fare for the next day, and all except those who prefer fasting can be suited. There is orthodoxy and heterodoxy of all flavors; religion hot and cold, sensational and dignified; science, art, history, imagination, rhapsodies and nonsense,—to be had without money and without price, for contributions are not obligatory, but elective.

On Friday evening, Mr. Alcott gave his talk about Concord authors before a large audience, in private parlors. He talks about Mr. Emerson with pure love and devotes most of the time to his mode of composition; but with Hawthorne, a little bit of fun creeps into Mr. Alcott's

grave manner, and it grows as he speaks of Thoreau and William E. Channing, the poet. He likes them all; he admires them and gives them much praise; but they were all so peculiar that their peculiarities must be mentioned, and Mr. Alcott does it with a little sense of fun and a little thoroughly good-natured satire that makes his talk lively and gives it a definite form; a reality that his talk does not always have.

1874.

The great convention of progress is over and the annual turn has been given to the screw that lifts humanity, and on the whole the season has been edifying. The weather was delicious; people cool and fresh in all sorts of new attire; the streets were crowded, and owing perhaps to east winds earnestness did not seem depressed or depressing, as it does when

the anniversaries come during a long storm, accompanied by innumerable waterproofs and umbrellas. Societies for every kind of mental, moral and physical improvement have gone over their bearings and have prepared for their next year's work. Christian and anti-Christian (the last spoken of as "those who have sailed past the north star") have had a fair field for their debates. Peace conventions and military displays have gone on harmoniously side by side; brewers from all parts of the country have gathered in the halls just vacated by total abstinence societies, and have sought refreshment and inspiration at Spy Pond, as their predecessors have in Cochituate. The meetings of the Young Men's Christian Union have been thought the freshest and most brilliant of the season, although the standard reforms all did well. There was prevailing good feeling and almost no wrangling, although the Unitarians were exercised about the exact place belonging to Rev. Wm. J.

Potter in a theological classification. Decoration day followed — the prettiest day in all the year; the soldiers carrying flowers, the gay uniforms, the brilliant banners, the dazzling musical instruments; and there were innumerable picturesque breaks and groupings as the crowd moved on. Just at noon the soldiers came to the old graveyards in the heart of the city, where the dark low stones and the fresh green grass were flecked with sunshine and shadow; on the few graves were laid bright flowers and wreaths, a short prayer was made, deep voices sang a hymn, while the blossoms of the horse-chestnut and the graceful mountain-ash fell on the heads of the young men; nothing could be sweeter or more tender than the whole picture.

1874.

A large audience gathered to hear Mr. Curtis's eulogy on Mr. Sumner. The

services were long, and one could study the men who came to do Mr. Sumner honor; men whose lives have been to thwart Sumner's plans and weaken his influence. Now they are all converted; no more lobbying or office seeking; no man will be found again making money at the expense of the government, and the good time will soon come. These spectacles of public honor are very impressive; this universal recognition as soon as a man dies, of a great moral hero, when his early, stanch, and lifelong friends and co-workers are outdone in their testimonials of respect and admiration by the hooting mob of yesterday, "who in silent awe return to gather up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn." Mr. Sumner was a man of tender heart, of courteous and gracious feeling; but to people not intimate with him the touch of arrogance in his manner was not pleasing. But faults of manner are easily forgotten,

> "The surface blemish in the stately stone
> Of the tall shapely pyramid."

1874.

The cessation of business gives one an opportunity to make the acquaintance of shop cats, who are a class by themselves, and quite worthy the attention of the essayist who wrote on ancient and modern cats in the *Atlantic*. Every town has a few of these sleek, beautiful specimens of the race; one, perhaps, at the chief grocer's and one at the apothecary's: but here, there is a regiment of them, each a marvel of size, beauty and intelligence. The grocer's cats are pure maltese; huge, dignified, courteous, without nerves, with kind, calm, eyes and a quiet tail. The book cats are black, slender, shining, full of activity, always alert, with fire in their eyes and tails in perpetual motion; they steal among the books like shadows, snuff at the old Russia bindings, slide over the smooth golden calf (if that was the gold calf of the Egyptians, one can understand their idolatry); have their favorites among the picture-books, birds or fishes; perhaps

muse over the gorgeous art-books, but never scratch or injure anything.

Somewhere between the luxurious bon vivant at the grocer's and the narrow, slender student at the bookman's, is the apothecary's cat, who seems useful and practical; uniting something of the literary taste of the one with the domestic quietude of the other, but in the union letting the charm of each escape. All are well behaved; neither aggressive nor diffident, though the bookstore cat has a little less *bonhomie* than the grocer's. But the cat at the fancy goods store is unique in his accomplishments and his fantastic appearance; black as jet, and almost as smooth and bright; he wears in his ears large downy pompons of orange colored feathers, which meet above his head and flutter as he breathes. They make him a most peculiar object, look as if they grew there, and apparently please him. He stands up on his hind legs, shakes a paw, and nods his gay head, when you are properly intro-

duced to him and then retires. He, too, is trained to careful habits; taking his daily walks abroad among the fragile treasures on the counter and the shelves without disturbing or injuring one of them. Education may not be desirable on the whole for cats, or conducive to the future welfare of their race; but it makes them far more pleasing than the wild creatures, striped like zebras or mottled with yellow, who rendezvous wherever there are trees or coverts, dart like meteors through the darkness and howl like demons.

1874.

The motto of the new dress reform is health, strength and beauty. It should be borne in mind that dress reform has nothing to do with prohibition, politics, suffrage or theology. The new garments are made according to the multitude of counsellors who differ widely in opinion on social

and religious matters, but want clothes comfortable and according to the laws of physiology.

Private literary and scientific entertainments are numerous and interesting. There is, of course, here nothing like full dress; but solemnity is not imperative, and the unmistakeable Boston background of rich silk is not only studded with pearls but brilliantly relieved by velvets and satins of superb crimsons and purples, softened by exquisite laces. This half-dress, with plain or wavy hair drawn loosely and simply from the face with Grecian knot at the back of the head or looped in a heavy braid is the pretty present fashion; a pleasant picture is one of the luxuriously furnished parlors filled not only with young men and picturesque maidens, but with silver-haired grandfathers and grandmothers gathered about some learned professor who stands before blackboard mounted on an easel, and explains by words and rapid marvellous

drawing the latest discovery in science. Or, instead of professor and blackboard, we may have a brief talk; a red rose in an artistic vase for a dash of color, and a poet with his own verses for the centre of the group. I believe now we have no such thing as frivolity. Amusement, according to the dictionary, is profound meditation; to amuse is to "engage in meditation," or "to entertain with tranquillity"; in that art we have become masters.

1875.

There is a sort of passion for music here now; day after day, evening after evening, rehearsals and concerts fill the Boston Theatre from floor to roof. Musical criticisms are very interesting to people absolutely ignorant of music, and lead them to strange conclusions. I am not sure that Wagner's compositions should

not be called the music of the ignorant instead of the "music of the future," for to the ignorant, "Lohengrin" and parts of "Tristan and Isolde" were healthfully stimulating and exciting. It seemed that Wagner had caught all the sounds of nature, and that instead of instruments they heard the wind in winter woods, through summer pines, and the sound of the sea as it dashed on wild rocks or played with the lowest and warmest of yellow beaches. It is a melancholy and pitiable thing to be ignorant, but one feels inclined to thank God for the compensation we have given to ignorance, which is not voluntary or wilful but fixed in the nature of the creature foreordained to it.

1875.

I know nothing of technical terms, but to the inartistic world pictures may be broadly divided into the finished and the

unfinished in style. The two styles shade into each other, but the extremes of each are easily recognized; one, finishes with minute care each detail of the picture; if it is a woman's hand, half-hidden by a sleeve, every visible finger is finished with joints and nails; if it is a face, it seems as if every hair of the eyelashes were painted separately. In an outdoor scene there is an approach to the same exactness. The opposite style works in quite a different way; using a great deal of paint until the canvas is as rough as a troubled sea; scorning details, but holding fast the truth in anatomy, color and effect. It says, "I put this scene before you; it is just what I saw, so I have painted it." This is a perfectly clear and honorable position; the position in which many of our artists stand and one which they defend well. Viewed at a proper distance everything is all right; approach, and everything looks crude and rough. It is unfair to blame a man for lack of fine

finish when fine finish is what he despises, and it is most of all unfair to call this broad and strong style hasty or careless work; it is just as much the result of study and labor as the opposite style; but only the hand of an expert can put on these rough dashes of color that viewed rightly give the desired effect. It has devoted admirers and cannot be carried too far for their pleasure; the danger seems to be that palette, knife and coarse brush will entirely supersede other implements and that details will be treated with undeserved scorn; but the danger, if there be one, comes not from carelessness or fear of work, but from a desire for strength, truth, vitality and individuality in painting. It is the breaking away from a conventional school, and has necessarily something of audacity and burlesqueness in it. It will soon grow into something better, and may prove only the tumultuous boyhood that ripens into noble manhood.

1875.

If you never heard Dr. Holmes read one of his own poems you have no idea what reading is. I never knew until today. I have heard all the noted readers from Fanny Kemble down, and almost all the famous preachers of the country, but never until now did I know the art of true reading. Dr. Holmes himself is illuminated; all the poet comes into his face and thrills in his voice; the effect is magnetic and entrancing. It seems like the unstudied outpouring of heart and thought; there is no touch of acting in it; the art is so perfect we are unconscious of it, yet the dramatic effect is marvellous. We had all read the poem and were familiar with its illustrations; we knew the story and just what was coming in every verse; yet there we sat and cried as if it were all new to us, and the smiles that came now and then only made the tears more unmanageable.

1875.

The neighboring shore towns are easily accessible by railroad, and the air and the climate cannot be over-praised; fresh, invigorating, quite hot enough at noon, but almost cool at night, and sweet with the most delicate odors of flowers, grasses and shrubs; some drawn out by the irresistible noonday sun, some waiting to lavish their perfume on the enchanting evenings. At Manchester the boulders are lower and wider; the rocks are rough, jagged and broken into curious and monstrous creatures that in a dim light seem crawling on the shore, only half conquered, ready for another furious struggle with the ocean that is now calm comparatively, and only touches them with a light wreath of surf foam, and you hear only a monotonous murmuring, a restful chant; but one never loses the memory of what has been and will be again; there is no repose in these rough headlands; man has not tried to soften them; they are still savage and filled with

a kind of terror. Farther south their characteristics are softer. The terrible headlines and more terrible gorges have become almost tame and offer friendly resting-places for the pleasure seekers, who are always wandering over them. Every summer the wild roses are a new wonder; they grow everywhere, crowded with blossoms of every shade from crimson to the faintest blush. No flower looks more delicate or refined, or is more vigorous or democratic in its friendships. It fellowships with every neighbor, covering stone walls, lighting up solitary places and hiding ugly scars; it makes common cause with the beautiful alder, the treacherous ivy and the haughty thistle, the sweet ferns and all the grasses within reach. There seems to be a sort of world's fair of nothing but ferns with just a hedge of wild roses, and for the time one wants nothing else. People who live in the country are so accustomed to this wealth of beauty that it does not excite them; but to one who lives

in the midst of brick walls all the time and learns to look on every square foot of grass on the Common with gratitude, this lavish beauty of the unhindered summer, its sights and sounds and odors are ever a new marvel, which thrills and stirs the heart.

1876.

In the meeting in memory of Margaret Fuller, the pleasant thing to an outsider was to see how men retain their capacity for admiration unimpaired by years of work, or the wear and tear of life. No youth ever poured out for his ideal such enthusiastic rapture of appreciation as these grave, wise men, with more than half a life behind them, offered to the woman they admired in their youth, whose champions they were for years; who animated their minds, purified their hearts, ennobled their characters; who went be-

fore age had chilled the ardor of her youth to Italy and lived through heroic years of suffering; whose earthly life shone with the glory of poetry, romance and pain, "set like the sun in the ocean more beautiful than it rose." Remembering all this, who cares to cavil or criticize. Three hours given to pure enthusiasm, to boundless love, to generous judgment are something to be grateful for in these or any days.

1876.

The celebration here was of double interest, commemorating the burning of the town in 1676, and the Declaration of Independence. Its records tell of bitter sufferings, of murdered men, of kidnapped children, burnt dwellings, and an ever watchful foe; but out of all these hardships came strength and valor, faith and prosperity, and Groton has good reason to

be satisfied with her numerous children who gathered to do her honor. The town itself is one of the prettiest in New England; situated on high land with a broad outlook over the green Nashua valley, over cultivated farms to Wachusett, Monadnock, Watatek, and the long range of purple hills on the distant horizon; the town is at its loveliest these clear, hot July days; the great elms and superb chestnuts, rich in the abundance of their pale yellow bloom, stretching out cool shadows all the day long, marvellously beautiful at twilight, their exquisite forms and tracery showing black against a sky that faded from burnished gold through all the tints of orange, with a clear soft gray. The Declaration of Independence was read with such ardor and impressiveness that it seemed to me wholly new, and I began to feel about it as Jefferson himself must have felt, or as Mr. Emerson felt when commenting on Mr. Choate's contempt for high-sounding phrases as "glittering gener-

alities"; he said, "Glittering generalities, they are pleasing ubiquities." And as they were read this day they seemed not only pleasing, but fresh ubiquities, as if it were their birthday and not the completion of their century. As I sat by the open window in the old church, with the beautiful, peaceful landscape about me, the rich grass waving in the summer wind, the air sweet with ripening grain and the perfume of flowers and blossoming trees; as I listened to the grand old Scripture words and to the heroic story of the prayers, the fights, the work and the faith of the handful of men who planted Groton in the wilderness two hundred years ago,—I thought that here were the true poetry and sentiment of the New England life; here the expression of the feeling, the resolution and the faith that binds New England together and makes the country what it is; here the old God-fearing spirit, so marked in Puritanism, so much less prominent now, but still the same spirit which lives

deep in every true New England heart, the one sure chord to touch for a deep and full response. One is impressed with the earnest devoutness that animates these country anniversaries; that gives life to the speeches, and stirs the hearers' hearts. There is little jesting, little humorous talk; but every eulogy of the virtues of the fathers, every admonition to honor them by carrying their work still farther in their spirit, every appeal to make this nation grow in virtue as she has grown in power, is answered with enthusiasm. All these things are not spoken perfunctorily by paid speakers, but on an anniversary where townsfolk meet together, who know each other well, and do not masquerade for each other's amusement, but talk seriously of the deepest things. They are all in a softened mood; they call up tender reminiscences; the old men talk with a touch of pathos of their happy boyhood, of the town's and the country's growth; and here comes the high thinking, not it

may be æsthetically or classically expressed, not always sure of its grammar, but high in putting unselfish service and honor above all else.

The ideal is high and pure. Men may fall far below it, may follow it "with stumbling walk or in scant measure"; but so long as it is confessed on these anniversaries, so long as they listen with new interest and fresh glow to these noblest statements of duty the country has reason to hope "that religion and morality will prevail in the land," and that the nation will live.

1877.

Even in northern Vermont July has been hot. The Green Mountain region has been worthy of its name so far as color goes, but coolness was not to be found; yet there is something splendid in the long summer days among the hills.

The roads were in good condition, no dust; all day long the light clouds lay almost motionless among the blue, or lazily trailed their shadows over hills, grain fields and beautiful woods, where the hemlocks, firs and pines stood dark and still, while the poplars turned their leaves to catch every breath of wind and seemed suddenly to burst into great white blossoms. The Rudbeckias were large and fine, and the Meadow Rue, known as the poor man's silver, was growing luxuriantly; one beautiful bunch of it on a wee bit of an island in the middle of a stream, a branch of the Winoostek River, which came over the rocks in a hundred clear pools and whirled away over the stones and did everything delightful that a mountain stream can do, or can sing; and there firmly rooted, leaving not an inch of earth for anything else, grew this stately, graceful plant.

There was nobody to cut it down or spoil its surrounding. The banks of the

stream are a mass of ferns; neglected fields overrun with nodding lilies of every shade. The ponds are green with lily-leaves, crowding close to the shore and stretching far out into the water like a beautiful laid, broad pavement; and there must have been hundreds of thousands of lilies in bloom. The roadsides were radiant with the blossoms of the thimble-berries which grew far into the woods, and the color of their berries was very effective. These unspoiled road hedges, when on either side, fenced against the walls, with odorous shrubs, were very enchanting. The roads about the river led to many charming cascades and water-falls. Many of the mills are dropping to pieces, but they add to the picturesqueness of the ruins, which are always made more interesting by some human element; a man may have left his work for the most prosaic of reasons, still there is pathetic interest in an old mill with the rust on its wheel and the saw rusting in the half-sawn log.

There is a striking difference in the fall of night at the hills and on the seashore. On the shore, the water holds the light; long before it is dim, the lighthouses send out their flames, and we have consciousness of human life and human watchfulness. Night at the mountains is much more solemn than night at the sea. One cannot wonder at wild superstitions of legends among mountaineers. One can only wonder that any amount of knowledge fails to destroy such legends. Perhaps knowledge has less power than we think it has, and fails in the darkness of night as all signs fail in a dry time. One night swallowing the world in darkness may have induced a frame of mind to which all wonder seemed a matter of course, and the line between thought and motion blotted out, as all other lines are, by the great lower darkness lying under the far-away blue sky. Perhaps doubt and sadness and fear were born in human hearts when the first night fell upon Adam

and Eve. No astronomer or theologian can tell about that night. Milton, as a poet, assumes "that the moon's resplendent globe aroused the blest pair to admiration," but there is room for a less optimistic view. Is it not probable that the "fall of man" dates from the first experience of darkness, and that no new day ever brought back the confidence that the first night darkened almost to extinguishment?

1879.

Boston was never more alive in thought, speech and business than it is now; "not slothful in business—serving the Lord," might be its motto; unusual interest in religion and theology without any unnatural excitement or machinery of revivals. The free religious meetings draw crowds of thoughtful people; the radical club has more and more interest for those who

want to know what radicals think. The evangelical churches increase rapidly; the Suffolk Conference of Unitarians discuss their work at King's Chapel by able exponents of differing phases of Christianity to overflowing audiences.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley is our prominent visitor and lecturer. He has hosts of readers, many of whom do not agree with him, but all wish to hear him. He is a man of middle height, with large features, looking much older than he really is; he appears more the clergyman than the poet, more the man of letters than either. He talked of "Discoverers of America," and showed how dear to him are Norse poetry, the Norse courage and sadness; his half-chanted praise of them is interesting and brimming over with warm human feeling; he must be like the old bards. I believe the loose robe and picturesque harp would be the fitting accompaniment for the half-speech, half-song, in which he recounts the glories of

the past, the sadness of the present, and the blessedness of the future.

1879.

The Summer School of Philosophy at Concord adds to the other charms of the place, and makes the little town one of the most interesting in the country. A school of this kind has been the desire of Mr. Alcott for many years, and makes him very happy. He is now in his eightieth year, vigorous in frame, joyous in spirit, young in heart, with a kind word for everybody, and a ready response to anything merry or humorous. He talks as he has talked for years, faithful to his favorite topics of education and the higher life; a beautiful and venerable figure, sitting among the younger philosophers who gather about him, in his pleasant old home set in the midst of trees and fields.

Concord itself is like no other town; it

seems undisturbed by turmoil and agitation, and free from small petty rivalries. The hospitality of the people is boundless, and so is their refined kindness; and the beautiful spot seems full of abiding peace and good-will. Besides its historic associations, its monuments, its library and, best of all, its people, Concord has its slow, lovely river, of which Thoreau wrote, "The river is remarkable for its gentle, hardly perceptible current, and some have referred to its influence the proverbial moderation of the inhabitants of Concord in the Revolution and on later occasions." The main street is parallel with the river, and the comfortable old houses have gardens at the back sloping down to the water. The numerous landings, each with its little fleet of boats, dories or canoes, adds to the picturesque effect and to the charm of the boating. We idled for hours on the stream, guided by one who knows every inch of its windings; pushed under the trees, and drank of the spring of

living waters, which gushes out from some sylvan hiding-place, and let the boat drift into the very spot that Hawthorne describes in his "Mosses from an Old Manse," where "there is a lofty bank, on the slope of which grow some hemlocks, declining across the stream, with outstretched arms, as if resolute to take the plunge." It might have been our day on the river that Hawthorne wrote about; we glided from depth to depth and breathed new seclusions at every turn. Like Hawthorne, we found in July the prophecy of autumn: a few maples the color of the purple beech, a rare color for maples to take on, and fallen crimson leaves flecking the water; the golden rods were marshalled in stately ranks, just ready to unfold their plumes; and with all the peace and beauty came the half melancholy consciousness that time has given us all its flowers and that the next work of his never idle hands was to steal them all away. Concord is rich in wild flowers and meadow grasses; and

when one sums up its charms of philosophy and literature, art and nature, in addition to some of the most delightful people in the world, the story seems a little fabulous; but it is all true, and yet not half the truth, for that would require better and warmer words than mine to tell.

1880.

I have been to one of the hearings of the Senate Committee on the Ponca Indians. On their part were White Eagle and Standing Buffalo, Ponca chiefs, elderly, intelligent men, eager to do the right and best thing for their tribe, but neither able to understand a word of English. There was a Pawnee interpreter, honest, but not a master of either the English or the Pawnee tongue, and Frank and Suzette La Flesche (the latter known as Bright Eyes), educated Omaha Indians, both perfectly familiar with English and French.

If you had sat there a half-hour you would have known, as well as by years of study, what are the difficulties in making treaties with the Indians; that is, treaties which both parties understand alike. Nothing can exceed the slowness of the conversation. There were three senators, two of them warm friends of the Indians, and all desirous to get at White Eagle's opinion as to the welfare of his tribe; the chiefs anxious to tell their wishes; and their interpreters equally anxious for a perfect understanding. One of the senators would ask a question simple enough to him, but involving some legal questions of absolute or qualified rights to lands or some technical perplexities. Probably the terms have no equivalent in the Indian tongue, and no satisfactory explanation could be reached. It was pathetic, and White Eagle's answers in their very uncertainty told the whole story. He said in reply to some question about selling the Ponca lands, "I do not want to decide

this; I do not know the English language or the ways of white men. My children will learn English. I will leave it to them to decide." Suzette would come to the rescue of the Pawnee interpreter, in her clear, concise way, saying, "He says he is between two evils, the evil of the present and the unknown evil of the future." He says more than that, but that is the substance of it. Suzette is the most noble, self-sacrificing girl in the country and one of the best informed on Indian matters.

1885.

The second lecture in the course on the "War for the Union," which is especially designed for young people, was given by Col. T. W. Higginson. It was truly inspiring to hear a man who had fought on the northern side, who had commanded a colored regiment stationed in North Carolina, who has always been an uncom-

promising abolitionist, tell the story of secession and of South Carolina "pluck" with the generous appreciation of an enemy, which Col. Higginson showed; and then came the details of Maj. Anderson's work. A large map of the fort and of Charleston harbor hung on the wall. To this Col. Higginson sometimes referred. He spoke without notes, and he never spoke better. His audience was almost breathless. Even the children listened with open mouths and open eyes fixed upon this wondrous story-teller, and the whole audience was fascinated. Never before had Sumter seemed so important; never before Maj. Anderson such a hero. The cleverly planned and accomplished removal from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter; the weary waiting for provisions and reinforcements; the tantalizing nearness of help that proved to be no help; the slow months in which nothing was done and the supplies were exhausted; the courage, the religious spirit of the commander; and

then the attack by immense odds on that little garrison in Sumter; all this was told with such enthusiasm, such directness, such dramatic power, that the whole audience listened like one person. It grew dark as the heavy clouds gathered, and silently a young man rose and lighted the gas on either side of the platform; but that seemed to be no interruption. Every eye was fixed on the lecturer, every ear listened to what Maj. Anderson did. They saw the buildings on fire close to the shells; they heard the shrieks of the shells; they knew that the United States flag had been shot away and not hauled down; they knew that food was almost exhausted: but when the story ended with the surrender, and when Maj. Anderson marched out of the blazing fort with flags flying, drums beating and a final salute of fifty guns, a good many old eyes were dim with tears, and the intent listening of an hour was broken by the enthusiastic clapping of a thousand young hands.

It is sometimes said that people no longer care for the war; that a new generation has grown up who are no longer interested in it and know nothing of its heroism: but no tale of romance could be more captivating, more exciting, more noble than this story of honor and valor told by Col. Higginson. One of the great charms of this lecturer was that it was addressed to young persons supposed to know nothing about the story of Sumter. Nature has made him a story-teller, and this is one of the most desirable gifts she can bestow. It is in vain for one to whom it is not given to seek to acquire it. These lectures are a part of the far-reaching work of Mrs. Hemenway toward the education of the young; awakening and strengthening their patriotism, and helping them to lead honorable and useful lives.

1885.

The accounts of foreign cities and of their points of interest and beauty arouse

readers to enthusiasm and to a half-envy of the travellers who enjoy so much, that sometimes one is inclined to think the attractions of our own cities are overlooked. Here is a sketch of a walk taken in Boston, not for sight-seeing, but to do errands. This morning was perfect. As one walked "down town" through Beacon Street, the handsome houses were open, flowers abundant in the windows; a light haze softened all the distant outlines, and the gilded dome on the State House had a magical effect; on the left, through frequent openings, the river was visible through its pretty banks; on the right, the public garden, the pond still frozen, but the trees beginning to show spring life. Across the street stretched the telegraph wires, those airy bridges over which invisible and silent messengers are always carrying their messages of life or death, joy or pain, safety or ruin. The scene was beautiful, one could hardly imagine a lovelier city view. We go on

through an older and narrower street, past the large building overlooking a wide reach of river and country; past the Eye and Ear Infirmary, which does a world of good in a quiet way,—into the region where colored people love to congregate; where one may see almost all shades of complexion and prosperity, from jollity in rags to the latest fashion of purple and fine linen; here there is no color line. If republicanism, political rights, equality before the law, and charity are of any importance in the world, a walk in Boston is a great lesson in the progress of humanity in what has been gained and in what is still to be labored for.

We see the Massachusetts General Hospital with its wings stretching in all directions, and more in number than those of the seraphim, and churches of old and priceless memories; we look down upon the Charity Building on Chardon Street, where wise and earnest philanthropists struggle with the problem of pauperism

and do their best to make the poor self-supporting and respectable; we see a great deal of historic ground, the names of the streets have been changed, large new buildings have taken the place of those which saw the Revolution, but enough is left to recall the stirring scenes of those great days and the heroic, splendid fight for liberty, which still in the telling, especially if the teller be John Fiske, will make the most sluggish blood hot, and call even dead patriotism to life; we pass the dignified statue of noble Samuel Adams; we look down on Faneuil Hall, with its memories of mobs and triumphs, of magnificent eloquence and mischievous dogmatism, of eulogies and warnings, and of welcome to patriots of all nations, "the cradle" not only of liberty, but of every form of free speech that comes with liberty; and so down into the region of banks and insurance offices and of business palaces built where once the free tide ebbed and flowed; past the large post-office, where

flocks of pigeons fluttered in the windows and rested on every projecting ornament, cooing perhaps about the days when their own race were trained as letter-carriers and telling tales of some ancestor who did gallant deeds and sacrificed life that he might loyally deliver his message. Carrier-pigeons are charming in poetry and story, but after all we are grateful for the gray clad postmen, who are prompt and pleasant, and do so much more than even the most athletic dove could ever have done. In this part of the city one forgets the great excess of females in the population, and can walk rapidly, unimpeded by saunterers, by crowds at shop windows, or by infants, broad by nature and still broader by costume, who with their full gay cloaks, their top-heavy boots, their chubby faces, and their need of the whole sidewalk on which to practice their newly acquired art of walking, are charming creatures in their way, but decided obstructions in the crowded region of retail shops.

The windows of the florists are gorgeous with flowers at enormous prices, and those who can't buy can still get the better part of the show, the assurance of the nearness of spring that is brought by the violets, the tulips and the positively inspiring daffodils.

> "And then my heart with pleasure fills
> And dances with the daffodils,"

wrote Wordsworth, and the gay, yellow blossoms are forever associated with the poet, and give almost the only touch of bright color to the associations with him.

Coming back to Tremont Street, we pause to look into the Granary burying-ground, of which Miss Preston once wrote so charmingly: "In the very heart of the city, where the pulse of life beats most vehemently, where streets are narrow and every inch is twice historic, there is a little oasis of peace, a quiet place of ancient graves, not desecrated yet, and let us hope not soon to be, where the sheltered turf is early green and grows luxuriantly

about the tombs and leaning head-stones." Among the tombs far back from the street, in the shelter of the walls of the Athenæum Library, are those of Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, Richard Bellingham, and a host of other Boston worthies. Far in front, close to the street, is the grave of Wendell Phillips, marked with a wreath of immortelles and covered with hemlock boughs, under which the earliest flowers of spring are buried waiting for their sure resurrection; and then we come to another old graveyard and to King's Chapel, which should always be known as the place where free thought gained a quiet and striking victory, where religion cast off a part of her theological fetters and declared herself free to choose her own forms. And so on, through the street where a few years ago were only delightful dwelling-houses looking out on a quiet common, but where now is the incessant roar and din of business. Many new buildings for philanthropic or educational purposes, and the

Art Museum, crowded with its treasures, the beautiful building of the Art Club; the new Medical College shows what substantial prosperity grows out of disease, how death supports life, and what an important factor illness is in modern civilization; very near is the new Spiritual Temple, as substantial as if built for weighty bodies alone, and our walk ends where it began. It has taken about two hours. How many other cities can in so small a space show more natural beauty or offer more of historic value, of philanthropic work, of active and practical interest in religion, science, education, literature and art. To see all this in a chance walk on one of the perfect days that early March sometimes vouchsafes us, beginning with a poetic mist and clearing into a sky of soft, delicious blue, awakens a great deal of thought, gives keen pleasure, and calls forth a tribute of admiration for Boston from one who is not a Bostonian.

1886.

Last Sunday I was present at a religious service so novel and so interesting that I send you this account of it. Although I am quite sure that under ordinary circumstances the events in a private family should not be made public, this seems so exceptional that it may justify an infringement of that rule. In a picturesque house, on one of the wildest and most beautiful points of the north shore, there were gathered for a Christian service the members of the family and a few guests, among whom were three Zuni Indians who knew nothing of Christianity. They are the prominent men of their tribe: one is the old governor; one a young priest; and the third holds no office, but is a typical Zuni gentleman. They have been for some weeks with their friend, Mr. Frank Cushing. They are very quiet, very observant, take kindly to civilized life, and above all they are religious. Three times a day, rain or shine, cold or heat, these

picturesque figures may be seen, each taking his solitary way to some point on the shore, where he reverently says his prayers and throws into the ocean his offering of sacred meal, made from the best of his grain and the finest of his shells ground to powder. No one knows for how many years, or centuries rather, this form of worship has been practiced by the Zuni Indians; but here they are an inland tribe, with their traditions of having lived by the ocean, the source of life and light, the symbol of the God to whom they offer sacrifice three times each day. On last Sunday afternoon they listened to the prayers and to the music, which they do not like, and to the passages from the Bible which Mr. Cushing interpreted to them. Then the clergyman made a short address to them, merely speaking of the greater light which has come to us. It was rather a vague address, but at the close of it the old governor spoke with great grace and eloquence. It is impossi-

ble to report half he said, but I made a note of some points and trust my memory for others. He said that all nations begin in darkness, and, with or without priests, grow like corn up to the light. Some are in favorable places, some others in unfavorable; they may struggle along in crooked ways, but they are sure to come to the light at last. And then, like corn, some stalks grow tall and tower above the others and get more light, which the others must receive from them. He said that long ago the Zunis cared only for war and destruction; that, as men, they wanted to be like mountain lions and fight all that came in their way; but they attacked a nation stronger and wiser than themselves and were almost destroyed, but their gods saved them; they made peace with their powerful foes and each nation told to the other what it knew of the good and the wise; and then the Zunis ceased to pray for more strength in war, but they prayed for more strength to plant corn; and now,

he said, we have learned not to pray for ourselves alone, but that all nations from the rising to the setting of the sun may have water, corn and light. He then spoke of our Bible, saying that to the foolish it was only paper, but to Christians it contained the heart of their religion and was sacred; and so it was with their sacred things, the foolish said they were only the feathers of turkeys and eagles gathered and tied with strings, but to the Zunis they held the heart of their religion, made sacred by the prayers of their ancestors, and the life of religion was still in them. I wish I could make you see the group. The great parlor filled with the luxuries and decorations of modern art; the windows, with outlook over the rocks, and fields bright with autumn flowers; and beyond, the open, boundless ocean. A wood fire burned on the hearth; and there, with perhaps a dozen white people about him, stood this slight, dark, old man, with wrinkled face, and eyes glowing with feel-

ing and earnestness. His dark blue clothes were trimmed with silver buttons; the simple blouse confined by a broad, silver belt; heavy chains of wampum (fine shell beads) hung around his neck; large rings of silver in his ears; his long black hair hung loose in front, but was ingeniously knotted behind with a ribbon woven for that purpose; and a red silk scarf tied round his head.

They all wore more or less ornaments of their own workmanship. There he stood, an American Indian; a savage, illiterate according to our standard of learning; a heathen according to our standard of religion; but a man full of intelligence and thought and imagination; a man of refined feelings, eloquent speech and broad views, loving and serving his God and his neighbors. There could be no stronger preaching of human brotherhood. As the old man talked and Mr. Cushing interpreted, the shadows of twilight fell, and when he was silent the company separated;

the Indians went to their prayers on the ocean's edge, in the fading light, and the whites looked into each others' faces, astonished, touched and glad to have been there. The younger Zunis do not seem to mind cold; they wear their blouses open at the throat; but the old man with the deep-set glowing eyes, wrapped his blanket round him, and with courteous leave-taking went to his solitary prayers. He is a blanket Indian, that most despised of all human beings here in the United States. This gentle, eloquent, old man; this young priest, with winning manners and a guileless face; this other youth, with strong features, a satirical smile, and a spirit of mockery in his eyes,—are all quiet, pleasant, patient and polite, wise in their own traditions, tolerant of other faiths; in brief, agreeable guests with whom one desires to be able to talk freely. They have picked up a little English; enough for a courteous "good-morning," or a shy and smiling "thank you" at table. With the white people present this Sunday service will

remain in memory as the most remarkable day of this visit of the Zunis.

In religion the Zunis are Spiritualists. The common people pray to the spirits of the departed; the select, or special, pray to the gods of animals or plants; while the high priests pray to the one God. The speeches made by their leaders at the reception given them at the City Hall were gentle and characteristic. One of them said: "My fathers and children, it was to see you and to speak with you and to see your world that we came with Mr. Cushing. It was according to the wishes of the gods that today our roads of life came together; our country is so poor, yours is so beautiful; ours are a poor people, yours are a grand people; yet, with this difference, we see smiles on every face. We eat your food, we ride in your carriages, we live in your houses, and we thank you that such a people as you can show such hospitality to people as poor as we. Let your hearts be good and gentle, for if you were to frown upon us we would die."

1888.

One need not go twenty miles from Newport to find a region rough and wild enough to satisfy the most primitive tastes of the most enthusiastic campers-out. There is no road leading to it. It is in the heart of a private estate, and unless you are lucky enough to know its owner, Dark Island must remain a myth to you. We started in the strongest of farm wagons, with four wheels, with rugs for our feet and on the board seats, with firm poles to hold on by, and ropes to keep us from being flung out by the jolts, with two strong horses and their driver, who can make a horse go anywhere, excepting up a tree, we were ready. There was no travelling in public roads, but straight into the hay fields we went, accompanied by a large negro on foot, carrying an axe, who opened the gates and did something towards clearing the way. Beyond the fields we plunged into wild woodland, un-

cleared, kept for the sake of beauty, not for profit. It seemed absolutely impossible that horses and cart could force their way through it, or manage to get over the rocks; they seemed impassable, and would have been so to most men, but the driver's will was firm and inevitable, and horses and cart obeyed it in spite of what seemed insurmountable obstacles. Fortunately, when we were thrown off our seats by the passage over high rocks, or through green depths, we came down in the cart, and not outside of it. The woods were beautiful, and full of enchanting flowers; and, at last, we crossed a wine-colored brook, meandering over innumerable stones on its way to Narragansett Bay, were dragged up a steep little hill, over rocks that were larger and longer as we went on, till the horses stood still in the centre of a magnificent hemlock forest. I do not know how old the trees are; there is no record of the time when any were cut; there is a thick carpet of fallen leaves; the great

rocks are cushioned with beautiful mosses and covered with a thick growth of ferns. There are wonderful varieties of plants, with variegated green and white leaves, and the queer, black and white Indian pipes, which grow only in shady places. It is a delicious, solemn, cool place, which in a summer day, one leaves with regret. Once more, there is the rough riding over rocks and the uncleared forest, but only for a short distance, for we have come out of the island by a shorter way; in the clearing the wheels crush the juice out of the ripe blackberries that grow luxuriantly; and, in a few minutes, we come suddenly upon a wide sea view, the ocean sparkling in the sunlight, and church towers and farmhouses far below us. There is nothing more charming in driving than these surprises of beautiful and extensive views. Again we drive through the hay fields, and the faithful African, with his axe, once more opens the home gates for us. It is possible to walk to this wild place,

for it is hardly more than a mile from the house as the crow flies, but the undergrowth is nearly up to your shoulders, and there is a possibility, at least, of making the acquaintance of a rattlesnake; so, on the whole, it is easier to drive; the tremendous exercise is healthful; the woods are just as nature leaves them, and there is genuine enjoyment in being free from the limits of a road, and in perfect seclusion on private property. As we came back to the sights, sounds, and dinner of civilization; the young people, who have tried the famous woods of New York, Maine and New Hampshire, exclaimed: "Why should one go to Bar Harbor, the Adirondacks or the White Mountains for wildness, when this place is so near home?" I think my words have done no justice to the wildness, roughness and beauty of this place. It is next to impossible for anyone who has not driven there to imagine the existence of such rocks and trees in this region of cultivated farms. Our way was

fairly forced through a growth so thick that it required a strong arm to bend back the branches, and only the voice and hand of a master could have made the horses go on. That not only the hemlocks, but the ferns, mosses, and many of the lovely things that grow low are evergreen, gives a wonderful charm to the "island" in the winter; very little snow falls there, and the tall trees are a protection from wind and cold. The wine-colored stream actually encircles the place, so that it has full claim to the name of island; and it is probably the most picturesque, the most unspoiled piece of very wild nature to be found on any private property in this part of the country. It is kept so because the owner loves nature untouched by man; loves it in reality, and in daily life, at all seasons and at all hours, as poets love it in theory and in words.

A few miles south of this "forest primeval," if we have such a thing, is a group of interesting old houses standing near

the main road. One, in the midst of gardens and graperies, has for its main room the house that was built by the son of John Alden and his wife, Priscilla. From this beginning the house has grown to a goodly size, although no part of it is new. In the solid oak panel above the generous fireplace in the parlor, the only daughter of the house, a most lovely and accomplished girl, has carved a verse from Chaucer, and round the picturesque bay window she, and other artists, have wrought pretty and original designs. The house is kept full of wild flowers. In the huge fireplace of the dining-room, in which two or three people might sit at ease and look up the chimney to the sky, were great vases of tall, gorgeous lilies; and on the hooks of the old crane hung baskets of the most brilliant August flowers. A short distance beyond this old farmhouse is a very picturesque dwelling. The owner, a clergyman, bought an old windmill, moved it to its present site, and

built around it all the rooms he wanted for a summer abiding-place. Planned by a Salem architect, decorated by a Providence artist and by the owner and his wife, it is an attractive place, and, as a dwelling-house, unique. From the piazza you enter the windmill, which makes the first large reception-room, from which an artistic staircase leads to the upper portions of the house. Above this hall is a bedroom; and above that, occupying the whole upper part of the windmill and having two tiers of windows, is the owner's study. The sea view is toward Newport and the open ocean on the south; the windows are large single panes of clear glass, and on the day of the yacht races the sight was wonderfully beautiful, with the hundreds of vessels, each with every inch of canvas spread to catch the languid breeze. Much of the interior decoration is in color, mottoes, and free, effective designs, drawn deep in the rough plastering, or in reliefs modelled in white, or fixed to the unsmoothed col-

ored background. The rest of the house is pretty, with artistic windows and cozy lounging-places, having enchanting outlooks; but the windmill rooms and the old mill chimney are the fascinating part of the dwelling for which the mill stones make appropriate doorsteps. Another artistic neighbor has made a most fanciful bower out of the plainest of old houses; and another, a New York artist of note, has added to his simple and comfortable homestead, a generous porch, with rooms above that are all windows, and a gable in which he has painted the portrait of Awashonks, the last of the Indian sachems; a woman famous in her time in this region, and deserving this remembrance of her. A mile or more further south is a beautiful shore, with pebble beaches, rocks, surf, a lighthouse, a glorious view, a mild climate, and sure to have sometime easy communication by boat and rail with Providence, Newport and Boston. Already people are buying land there that is just coming into

the market, and it will probably rival the North Shore in popularity and the size of its "places."

1888.

Joseph La Flesche, the Omaha Indian chief, and his daughter Suzette, called Bright Eyes, were a few years ago guests in whom many of us were interested. The news of his death moves me to offer this tribute of respect to the memory of this fine old man. He was the chief of the Omaha tribe, who were a long time at war with the Sioux and other tribes, but never fought the whites. A man gentle and tender by nature, always an arbiter in business troubles, and a continual peacemaker. His children tell many stories of his care that they should never harm any living thing.

The Omaha tribe is small. The chief tainship was at last abolished, the tribe preferring the more democratic rule of several men, like the selectmen of our

New England towns. La Flesche had a large family of children; he never learned English himself, but made the most of every chance for his children, obliging them always to speak English at home as well as at school. They were poor, for there is no way an Indian can become rich; but as soon as the Dawes bill passed, he took a farm in the rich land of one of the valleys open to his people and showed them how good a farmer he was. Industrious, temperate, of great natural intelligence, a Christian by profession and action, he won regard from all, and at the agricultural fairs was on equal terms with the exhibitors, sometimes taking first prizes. But the hardships of early life had broken him down, and he died after three weeks of intense suffering, leaving a widow of beautiful and noble character; she has been to her children helpful, tender, patient and brave. Nowhere in the highest civilization is there a family where greater reverence, warmer

admiration and tenderer love are given by parents to children than in this Indian family on this far away reservation. Suzette, well educated, charming and attractive, married a white man; Rosalie, educated at the mission school of the reservation, went with her husband to Hampton Institute; Susan stood high in her class at the Medical College in Philadelphia; two other daughters are Hampton graduates; and one son in government employ. Joseph La Flesche's last thoughts in his intervals of consciousness were for his children; that they might always help and care for, and never scatter and lose sight of each other. In bringing to mind his varied life, his virtues, and the beautiful things I have heard of him, of his wife and the growth of his children in refinement and education, and the pursuit of life under difficulties that would appal most persons, this story should be told in his honor.

RECOLLECTIONS

BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

RECOLLECTIONS.

MARTHA LE BARON GODDARD was a unique personality, a strong human magnet, attracting to her all sorts and conditions of men. That is another way of saying that she was sympathetic. How many hundreds of life-stories were poured into her attentive ears! she was a mother-confessor for a world-wide parish. Boston has been reproached for being provincial, but Mrs. Goddard's modest parlor was a miniature cosmopolis. The Western Indians won a warm place in Mrs. Goddard's heart, already melted by Helen Hunt's passionate arraignment of their persecutors. What a mass of "literary material" came to her door by every mail; a whole novel in the letters of a certain Indian agent,—

tragedy of life unfolded before her, which she kept sacred, never exploiting the secrets of the confessional.

Literary aspirants found in her a most helpful friend; young actresses knew that she would listen patiently to their experiences; artists bespoke her appreciation and encouragement.

It was not merely the young, the discouraged, the aspiring, the adventurous who sought her sympathy; but the successful, the brilliant came also under the sway of her influence. She was instantly read as a generous, noble, broad-minded woman. Her grey hair, her serene forehead, her kindly eyes gave her an appearance of grand motherliness which invited all sorts of confidences.

Her wit was keen and brilliant; but did any one ever hear her say an unkind or ungracious thing? She could be indignant at wrong and treachery, but she was naturally gentle and appeasing. Her sense of humor was always a saving

grace. In only one thing was it dangerous to touch her, in her absolute, imperious independence. She disliked to receive favors, much as she liked to confer them.

There should have been a Boswell to record the conversations at her breakfast-table. Mr. Goddard's journalistic duties keeping him out late at night necessitated late breakfasts, and visitors frequently happened in. Mr. Goddard was shy and rather taciturn, only occasionally letting fall some wise or suggestive remark. Mrs. Goddard was always scintillating at those symposia. She was descended from no one knows how many Pilgrim fathers and mothers, and her crockery and silver was venerable with Plymouth traditions, haloed with the very atmosphere of the "Mayflower." She trusted no servant to wash treasures of such antiquity. As she sat at the table, reverently polishing them, she would indulge in gay banter or serious argument, always with alert mind and ready armory of pertinent citations.

Her house was distinctly literary and artistic. As the Review Editor of the *Advertiser* she wielded an influence distinctly personal and genial, to use the word in its European sense. Her criticisms were watched for, and, if they were favorable, they had a powerful effect upon the sale of novel or history. She had a distinctive style; and, though she did not sign her articles, any one could recognize them, once differentiated. She belonged to a class of book-reviewers now rarely found; she took time to estimate the value of the book; and she was honest and generous if she praised, honest and fair if she had to condemn.

Publishers, in their advertisements, still, as a matter of form, cite the comments of the periodicals, but they cite only the favorable ones; and this praise is only perfunctory, and has only a small effect. It would seem as if the day had passed when a single unsigned criticism would bring an eager throng of buyers to take from the

book-counters of a city every available copy of a recommended publication.

Her weekly letters to the *Worcester Spy* required a comprehensive interest in every public word and work. The newest book and the personal equation of its author, the exhibition of pictures at dealer's or art gallery, the vital value of every play in vogue, the appreciation of some long-heralded actor, the doings of clubs and societies, the activities of all kinds of charities, everything that makes up the life of a modern city received her attention. Nevertheless, she carefully avoided being called literary, priding herself far more on being a woman and doing a woman's work. Every one who came into her sphere of attraction was moved to do his best. Stimulated to mental flight, she liked to elicit autobiographical histories; strangers, coming to make a formal call, remained to tell the story of their lives, and went away feeling as if they had been friends from the beginning. Had she kept

note-books, what a treasure for the realistic novelist! There she sat, by her window, with that serenity of expression which made her face remarkable, listening with rapt attention, or leading the narrator on by well-timed questions. Her spirit seemed younger than her years, while her prematurely-whitened hair made her seem older than she was. She was like the heroine of a story who had outlived all the storm and stress of its action, and rejoiced to look back from the heights of experience. This statement would lead, naturally, to biography; but this is simply a pen-portrait, or, rather, a pencil-drawing, by one who lived in her household, who saw her every day for months at a time, who loved and reverenced her; who never, in all that time, knew of her doing or saying an ungenerous thing, and who, with the keenest pleasure, welcomes this accompanying memorial of one who, least of all, deserves to be only a shadow in the recollections of a generation passing away.